

Newport Mercury

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The Mercury.
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Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large and complete weekly of forty-eight columns, filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers and household departments. Teaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.
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Local Matters.

PERRY DAY

Yesterday, Friday, was the anniversary of the Battle of Lake Erie, fought by Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry of Newport, and the men from this city who formed the nucleus of the fleet. In former years Perry Day was a great holiday in Newport, but this year there was no observance of the anniversary. In 1913, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of the great battle there was a big celebration here, including a monster street parade and exercises near the monument on the Mall.
Although Newport does not now observe the day, there is a big celebration each year at cities along the Great Lakes which were vitally affected by the battle, and whose citizens are still delighted to do honor to the Newport hero. Perry's victory confirmed to the United States title to a large stretch of country along the border of the Lakes, which is now a part of the United States instead of being a part of the Dominion of Canada.

NEWPORT COUNTY FAIR SEPTEMBER 21, 22, 23, 24

The annual fair of the Newport County Agricultural Society will open on the Society's grounds in Portsmouth, September 21, and continue four days. There are to be many new and interesting features introduced this year, for which see small handbills, which will make this exhibition more interesting and attractive than ever. During all these years that the Society has been in existence these fairs have steadily grown in public favor, till they have become the main annual event of Newport County.
The third day, Thursday, will be Governor's Day. Governor Beekman will address the assemblage and there will be several other distinguished speakers. Friday will be Children's Day and as usual the young people of Newport County will be strongly in evidence. There will be something doing to interest the young folks every moment throughout the day.

INJUNCTION DENIED

The petition for a permanent injunction against William S. Rogers and others to prevent the moving of the Central street buildings through Kay street was denied by Judge Blodgett in Providence on Tuesday, and the moving was resumed as quickly as possible, this decision causing activity all along the line. The petition was brought by a number of owners of property on Kay street to enjoin the owners from moving the buildings through that street because of the liability of damage to the trees. A temporary injunction was granted last week, which halted the progress of the buildings temporarily, but when the petition came up for hearing on the matter of permanent injunction, several witnesses testified that the buildings could be moved without injury to the trees, and the court declined to interfere.

MISS SMITH A CANDIDATE

Although the city election is still nearly three months away, the first papers have been filed at the office of the board of canvassers and registration to name a candidate for the representative council. As is eminently fitting in this year of grace and progress, the first nominee is a woman—Miss Elizabeth B. Smith, who has for many years been the active head of the Bowen coal yard. Miss Smith is a candidate for election to the representative council from the third ward, and it is a safe prediction that she will be elected. It is quite probable that there will be many other women candidates before the final day for filing nomination papers.

LABOR DAY

Monday was Labor Day and was very quietly observed in Newport. There was no formal programme for the day, and although in the spring there had been talk of a great parade of the local labor unions on that day, it was found inadvisable to carry out the plans.

It was a big day at the beach, there being immense crowds of people there throughout the day. In the morning there was the customary scramble for buried blocks among the children, this being an annual feature which the management of the beach contributes for the benefit of the kiddies. One thousand numbered blocks were buried in the sand and at the proper moment a signal was given and there was a mad scramble on the part of the children to uncover the blocks. As quickly as one was found the winner hurried to the convention hall and claimed a present corresponding in number with that on his block. It was a great time for the youngsters and also for the older ones who looked on.

There were thousands of automobile parties here during the day, and practically all made the beach their objective point. The restaurant did a big business and there were thousands of bathers, while the board walk was thronged all day.
Miss Bertha Maude Clarke, daughter of the late Charles H. Clarke of this city, was united in marriage this week to Mr. Peter Lewis Ogilvie of the Province of New Brunswick, the ceremony being performed at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Clarke in Newton, Mass., in the presence of a number of relatives and friends. The bride was attended by her sister, Mrs. Leroy W. Baxter and was given in marriage by her brother, Mr. Fred A. Clarke. Mr. and Mrs. Ogilvie will make their home at Hatfield's Point, New Brunswick.

The largest taxpayers of Newport are Mrs. Alice G. Vanderbilt, who pays a tax of \$26,170.10; Edward J. Berwind, \$16,125.30; Mr. Arthur Curtiss James, who pays \$15,827.00; Mrs. Alva E. Belmont, \$13,794.00; Hamilton McK. Twombly estate, who pays \$13,336.10; Ogden Goulet estate, \$13,104.30; Newport and Fall River Street Railway Co., \$12,044.10; Elbridge T. Gery, \$11,954.40; and Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, \$10,610.90; George D. Widener estate, \$11,430.90; These are all that pay over \$10,000.00 tax.

Block Island had seven clear days last month, six partly cloudy, and eighteen cloudy. There were thirteen days on which more or less rain fell. There were twelve days of fog and five thunder storms. The highest temperature was 79 degrees on the 31st and the lowest 60 degrees on the 24th. The mean temperature for the month was 69 degrees. The maximum temperature for August for forty years is 90 degrees and the minimum is 49 degrees. The average temperature for that period is 68.7 degrees.

The annual ball for the benefit of the Newport Firemen's Pension Fund was held at the beach on Monday evening, and as usual was a complete success. There was a large attendance and a goodly sum was realized for the benefit of the fund. Chief Andrew J. Kirwin was floor manager and Thomas W. Wood was chairman of the executive committee.

The murderer of Miss Rose McKenna and the attempted murderer of William J. Deigman of East Providence last week has been discovered and arrested. His name is Roy G. Adams of East Providence. He confesses the murder, but gives no reason for it. He was in the service in the late war, and was at Newport for a time.

The Kay street improvement is now completed, and the road is open to travel for its entire length. The change in condition is very noticeable and it is hoped that the improvement is permanent, as a solid base has been constructed that will require only occasional top dressing to keep the road up.

Many Newporters are enjoying their annual vacation in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. The White Mountains and the Mohawk Trail seem to divide the honors among the Newporters.

Superintendent Herbert W. Lull has returned from his vacation and is hard at work preparing for the re-opening of the schools.

The Jewish residents of Newport and vicinity will celebrate the New Year's festival beginning next Sunday evening at sunset.

NEWPORT TAXES AND SOME LARGE TAXPAYERS

The total valuation of the city of Newport this year is \$80,633,000.00, of which \$52,518,600.00 is real estate and tangible personal property, on which the tax is \$19.00 on the \$1000, and \$28,084,600.00 is intangible personal, on which the tax is \$4.00 on the \$1000, fixed by State law. The total tax this year is \$1,110,750.50. There has been an increase in the real estate valuation over last year, but a decrease in the intangible personal, making the total valuation of the city \$2,828,800.00 less than last year. In the following columns we give the names of all the taxpayers in the city that pay a tax on \$20,000 and over, with the tax which each one pays. In this list the intangible property is included, and as they tax on that kind of property is only \$1.00 on \$1,000 as against \$10.00 on all other kinds of property, it makes the tax the party pays whose property is largely, or in part, intangible personal, very much smaller than when the party is taxed wholly on real estate and tangible personal.

Property	Tax
Aaron, Harry and Annie H.	\$39,700 \$764.30
Abney, Mary Lloyd	34,500 655.50
Adelson, Elx	40,300 765.70
Agassiz, George R., trustee	26,000 494.00
Agassiz, George R., and Max	600,000 2400.00
Agassiz, Isabel S.	34,500 655.50
Agassiz, Maximilian	20,000 380.00
Agassiz, Maximilian, et al.	107,000 2033.00
Albro, Stephen S., et al.	30,200 423.50
Allan, Katherine H. and Eliza S.	34,500 655.50
Ames, Mrs. F. L.	119,800 2272.20
Andrews, Emma B.	20,000 380.00
Andrews Express	23,900 454.10
Andrews, Walter S.	35,300 670.70
Anthony, Henry C. and Alice W. Webb	31,200 592.80
Appleton, Mary Aquidneck Dairyman Ass'n	105,000 1264.00
Armour & Co.	22,000 435.10
Armstrong, Mrs. W. A.	37,600 714.40
Aronson, Jacob and Mary	44,400 843.60
Astor, Vincent	21,700 412.30
Astor, Wm. Waldorf	261,200 4962.80
Auchincloss, Mrs. H.D.	246,800 4680.20
Audrain, Adolph	187,000 3553.00
Audrain, Carlo	41,600 790.40
Audrain, Carlo	21,300 404.70
Bailey, Cornelia B.	33,000 627.00
Baker, George F., Jr.	42,800 813.20
Baldwin, Charles A.	44,300 841.70
Baldwin, Mary M.	103,500 1955.00
Bank Realty Co.	34,600 657.40
Bank, Aquidneck Nat'l	56,500 1081.10
Bank, Nat'l Exchange	30,800 585.20
Bank, Savings of Newport	43,800 832.20
Barker, Milton S.	145,400 1637.00
Barker Building and Realty Co.	65,000 1236.00
Barker, Henry H.	31,900 606.10
Barker, J. Allen	67,300 1278.70
Barlow, Florence L.	32,600 619.40
Barnes, Nelson L.	42,800 813.20
Barneval, Louis D.	48,900 928.10
Beck, Mrs. H. P.	202,500 387.50
Beckman, Eleanor T.	202,500 387.50
Beckman, R. Livingston	88,800 562.20
Belmont, Alva E.	755,100 14365.90
Belmont, Perry and Jessie	278,300 5307.70
Bennett, James Gordon, est.	82,600 1569.40
Berwind, Edward J.	849,700 16125.30
Betton, Elizabeth Lane	34,300 650.90
Beverly Land Co.	800,000 1525.00
Bining, Elizabeth D.	57,600 719.40
Birkhead, Kate, de'd	25,600 100.00
Blair, Woodbury	49,800 946.20
Baker, Richard, est., and Ellen M.	162,400 3085.60
Blight, Atherton, est.	33,400 634.60
Booth, Alexander	29,000 551.00
Borden, Jerome C.	21,800 414.20
Bowen Coal Co.	28,200 535.80
Bowery St. Land Co.	38,100 723.90
Brackett, Dr. Chas. A.	35,000 645.00
Bradley, Charles G.	41,500 788.50
Brewster, William	100,000 400.00
Bridge Co.	55,400 1052.60
Brooks, H. Mortimer	25,000 175.00
Brooks, Mrs. H. M.	1,011,100 10610.90
Brown, Edward A., Ex.	50,000 200.00
Brown, George	150,000 600.00
Brown, John Nicholas, de'd	500,000 2000.00
Brown, Natalie Bayard	168,800 844.20
Brown, Natalie B., Guardian	1,230,200 8583.80
Brown, Natalie B., Trustee	100,000 400.00
Bryer, Andrew, est.	28,600 543.40
Bryer, Frank E.	20,900 397.10
Buckley, Daniel J.	22,100 419.90
Buckley, John P. and F. P.	20,000 551.00
Beffum, Mrs. Wm. P.	37,000 328.00
Builders and Merchants Exchange	24,400 453.60
Burden, Evelyn Byrd	137,500 2612.50
Burgess, John W.	67,200 1286.80
Burke, David B., est.	27,900 529.10
Burlingame, Ruth M.	27,500 522.50
Busk, Margaret H.	110,000 530.00
Carr, Jennie F.	26,000 104.00
Carroll, Royal Phelps	105,000 495.00
Carter, Wm. E.	32,200 611.60
Casambas, A. B.	37,700 716.30
Cass, Philip H.	24,500 315.50
Cassimatis, George E.	24,500 465.50
Caswell, John R., est.	43,700 320.30
Caswell, Mary B.	26,400 501.60
Caswell, Philip	23,600 448.40
Cerio, Mabel N.	111,900 1976.10
Chadwick, Cornelia J.	22,400 425.60
Chanler, Winthrop A.	103,900 2088.10
Cherry Neck Realty Co.	30,500 579.50
Clark, Edith E.	87,600 1664.40
Clark, Elizabeth H.	88,900 547.00
Clark, J. F. A.	109,000 400.00
Clark, Daisy McCoy	252,300 3763.70
Clews, Henry	141,600 2690.40
Codman, Martha C.	122,900 2318.00
Coe, William S.	23,500 547.20
Coggeshall, Fred B.	29,200 554.90

Congdon, Thomas B., Ex'r	25,000 100.00
Connolly, Thos. B.	35,300 670.70
Coogan, Harriet G.	54,200 1029.50
Corbin, Mrs. R. W.	20,500 399.50
Corporation, 44 E. 34th St.	313,800 5962.20
Corson, Mary M.	36,000 684.00
Cortazzo, Katharine R.	35,500 149.50
Cotton, Wm. H., est.	21,500 408.50
Cottrell, Mary F.	22,300 423.70
Covell, Wm. W.	107,600 1534.40
Covvins, James P.	57,100 1084.90
Cramp, Rebecca B.	59,500 1130.50
Crosby, Thos. and Wm. A.	21,400 400.60
Curry, Robert W.	76,500 1453.60
Cushman, Rob't M., est.	25,100 1616.90
Cushman, Mrs. Jas. S.	81,700 1552.30
Darlington, Dr. James H.	21,200 402.80
David, Max, Trustee	21,300 401.70
David, Moses and Nathan	29,100 552.00
Davis, Edmund W., est.	43,500 826.50
Davis, Theodore M., est.	113,400 2151.60
Dawley, Perry B.	22,300 209.20
DeHoff, Henry D., est.	107,700 2046.30
D'Hauterville, F. S. Grand, est.	89,600 1702.40
D'Hauterville, F. S. Grand, Trustee	388,400 1553.60
Denman, John B. F. est.	32,100 609.90
Dennis, Wm. E. est.	40,400 767.60
Denniston, James H. and J. B.	25,900 511.10
Derby, Mary B., est.	38,400 404.01
DeRham, Georgianna	22,100 419.90
Dillon, Theresa	22,500 427.50
Dolan, Clarence W.	82,800 1561.80
Donnelly, Anna	22,100 419.90
Downing, Renf. J., 3d	21,400 408.60
Downing, Geo. T. est.	25,400 482.60
Drexel, John R.	285,100 1916.30
Drexel, Mary B. C.	47,000 893.00
Duncan, Stuart	292,800 5563.20
Dunn, Mrs. Thomas	200,500 1559.60
Dunn, Wm. J.	24,000 456.00
Dyer, Sidney T.	63,300 1297.70
Earle, Henry M., trustee	45,900 872.10
Easton, Dr. Charles D.	21,300 224.70
Eddy, James A.	41,300 784.70
Edgar, Lucile R.	54,800 294.20
Edmons, Arthur B.	424,200 2800.80
Epley, Ethelbert	25,000 100.00
Epley, Lieutenant-Commander Marion	57,500 719.40
Estes, Nathan A.	20,000 380.00
Eustis, George P.	40,600 855.40
Eustis, Rosamond S.	45,000 866.40
Everett, Mrs. Wm. H.	25,000 100.00
Fahnestock, Carolyn S., trustee	547,400 2900.60
Fahnestock, Carolyn S., trustee	400,000 1600.00
Fearing, George R., est.	522,300 4673.70
Fearing, George R., et al.	150,000 600.00
Ferrelli, Antonio	40,600 891.10
Ferry, Mrs. E. H.	63,500 1204.60
Fish, Stuyvesant, Jr.	82,500 1567.60
Fitts, Susan E.	22,100 329.90
Fitzsimon, Ellen French	175,000 3325.00
Flagg, George S.	27,800 378.20
Plint, Marion W.	41,000 779.00
Ford, John R., est.	47,800 908.28
Poster, Fanny	309,000 2871.00
Frank, David and Jennie	36,400 691.60
Frelinghuysen, T. G. and Fred	200,000 800.00
Fritz, John P.	21,900 416.10
Gallatin, Emily M.	44,300 841.70
Gambrell, Anna Van-Nest	160,300 3045.70
Gammell, Mrs. E. A. H.	50,000 260.00
Gammell, Eliza A. H. and Harry Parsons	350,000 1400.00
Gammell, Mrs. R.H.I.	129,400 2458.60
Gammell, William	122,900 2335.10
Garrettson, Fred P.	135,300 4670.70
Gerard, Mrs. Sumner	92,700 1701.30
Gerry, Elbridge T.	1,813,600 11,954.60
Gerry, Robert L.	81,000 339.00
Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.	431,100 3590.90
Gilbert, Mrs. Charles P. H.	34,700 659.30
Gill, Sallie Hargous	27,400 520.60
Gillespie, Mrs. Lawrence L.	218,400 1899.60
Gillespie, Lawrence L.	50,000 200.00
Gladning, William B.	23,100 438.50
Glyn, Mary R. H.	52,200 991.80
Golbold, Martha S.	20,900 322.10
Goelet, Mary R., Ex'r	750,000 3000.00
Goelet, Ogden, est.	689,700 13104.30
Goelet, Robert, est.	216,200 4107.80
Goelet, Robert W.	755,000 3095.00
Goffe, Augustus, est.	20,800 566.20
Goffe, Ernest, est.	28,600 543.40
Gray, Mrs. Grace T.	25,000 475.00
Greene, Wm. Brenton Jr.	117,200 1712.20
Grinnell, Anna deL.	30,000 120.00
Grosvenor, Rosa A.	350,400 3828.60
Grosvenor, Mrs. Robert	26,000 141.50
Grosvenor, Mrs. Wm.	101,190 1920.90
Guthrie, Charles E.	24,700 469.00
Haggin, Margaret V.	201,200 3822.80
Hague, Mrs. Arnold	68,600 1308.40
Haire, Joseph, est.	52,700 1001.30
Hale, Harriet S.	40,400 767.60
Hammett, Harry G.	55,900 1062.10
Hammett, Joseph M., est.	23,200 440.80
Hanan, Mrs. J. H., est.	27,800 528.20
Harriman, Mrs. Joseph	37,700 716.30
Harvey, Mary B.	23,700 450.30
Hartshorn, Isaac, est.	168,900 1709.10
Harvey, Wm. R.	27,800 490.20
Hattub, Michael and John	61,600 1170.40
Havemeyer, Henry O.	42,900 815.10
Havemeyer, Theo., est.	32,800 623.20
Hazard, Abby C. and Rena	22,400 387.60
Hazard, John A., dev-isee	33,100 628.90
Hess, Julia	30,100 571.90
Hilder, James D., est.	33,000 627.00
Hillhouse, Georgianna R.	24,400 463.60
Hill Top Co.	47,500 902.50
Hobbs, Mrs. I. Goodwin	20,200 383.80
Hobbs, I. Goodwin, est.	100,000 400.00
Hoffman, Zella K.	101,900 1931.10
Hone, Robert G.	62,900 561.00
Hopkin, Louis H., est.	25,800 509.20
Horgan, Mary H.	277,600 5274.40
Horgan, Patrick H.	214,000 4068.00
Horseman, Christopher	33,500 638.40
Hunt, Virginia Scott	23,700 457.20
Hunt, Mrs. Livingston	30,300 575.70
Hunter, Anna F.	175,800 1840.20

SANFORD T. GLADDING

Mr. Sanford T. Gladding, formerly of this city, died at his home at Flushing, L. I., on Friday of last week, after a comparatively short illness. Although he had been seriously ill some years ago, a recurrence of the trouble had not been anticipated and his final illness was quite short. Mr. Gladding was born in this city nearly fifty years ago, and had spent the greater part of his life here. He was a son of the late Thomas Gladding, who was a prominent meat dealer, and he was early associated with his father in business. After the death of his father, he carried on the business for a time, but later left Newport to become steward of one of the prominent New York hotels. He had since continued at this vocation, having served in some of the finest hotels in New York State, and having earned an enviable reputation in the hotel world. He is survived by a widow and sons, also by two sisters, Miss Ida Gladding and Mrs. Warren G. Everts. A brother, Mr. Sydney Gladding, died several years ago. The remains were brought to this city for interment.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The regular monthly meeting of the board on Tuesday evening was not a very long one, bills being approved and ordered paid. Following the regular meeting there was a conference with Manager Gosling of the Newport County Electric Company regarding the status of the company and the competition, the conference lasting for a considerable time.

At the weekly meeting of the Board on Thursday evening, a long petition of protest was received from some 350 citizens and taxpayers, urging that no action be taken to restrain the jitney service. It was referred to the committee which is investigating the railroad situation. There will be public hearings later on. Bids were opened for printing the voting lists for the November election, and the contract was awarded to the Mercury Publishing Company, the lowest bidder. Bids were received for a number of articles for the Fire Department, and were referred to the City Clerk for tabulation.

WOMEN'S REPUBLICAN CLUB

Mr. George W. Gardner, vice president of the Union Trust Company of Providence, was the principal speaker before the Newport County Women's Republican Club on Thursday afternoon. He gave a straight business talk on the political situation, particularly calling attention to the necessity for a tariff high enough to protect American production. Miss Maude Wetmore, president of the Club, presided, and urged all Republican women to contribute to the general campaign fund, calling attention to the efforts of the Democratic nominee to discourage contributions to the Republican fund. The meeting was well attended and much interest was evinced on the part of the women.


NEWPORT IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Newport Improvement Association was held at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society on Monday, when the following officers were elected: President—Lawrence L. Gillespie. Vice Presidents—John Thompson, Spencer, F. K. Sturges, Henry Barton Jacobs, Roderick Terry. Secretary—Max Levy. Treasurer—Peter King. Executive Committee—Horace P. Beck, chairman; John DuRoi, Jeremiah K. Sullivan, L. K. Carr, Richard V. Mattison, Miss Ellen F. Mason, Jeremiah A. Sullivan, Arthur Curtis James, Miss Rosa A. Grosvenor.

Thus far there has been no will discovered to assist in settling the estate of the late Mrs. French E. Chadwick, and it is considered doubtful if one was left. The Newport property, by the will of the late Admiral Chadwick, goes to his nephew, and it is expected that it will be sold, as the new owner has no connections in Newport.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)
Poverty Social
The Berkeley Dramatic Club held a Poverty Social at the close of the regular business meeting recently in the Parish House. The entertainment committee was composed of Miss Madeline Oxa, Miss Gladys Peckham and Mr. Lewis B. Hamner. Each member was requested to come dressed in rags, and the apparel, and costumes of the club were used. Mr. and Mrs. George Klapthor and son, who have been spending the summer with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ashton C. Barker, have returned to their homes in Bay Ridge, N. Y. Mr. Stone has been spending a few days here.



WEBSTER

—MAN'S MAN

Peter B. Kyne

Author of "Cappy Ricks," "The Valley of the Giants," Etc.

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CHAPTER III.

The morning following his decision to play the role of angel to Billy Geary's mining concession in Sobranite, John Stuart Webster, like Mr. Pepps, was up betimes.

Nine o'clock found him in the office of his friend Joe Dalgnerfeld, of the Bingham engineering works, where, within the hour, he had in his characteristically decisive fashion purchased the machinery for a ten-stamp mill. It was a nice order, and Dalgnerfeld was delighted.

"This is going to cost you about half your fortune, Jack," he informed Webster when the order was finally made up.

Webster grinned. "You don't suppose I'm chump enough to pay for it now, do you, Joe?" he queried.

"I'm going first to scout the country and in the meantime keep all this stuff in your warehouse until I authorize you by cable to ship, when you can draw on me at sight for the entire invoice with bill of lading attached. If, upon investigation, I find that this mine isn't all my partner thinks it is, I'll cable a cancellation, and you can tear that nice fax-order up and forget it."

From Dalgnerfeld's office Webster went forth to purchase a steamer trunk, his railway ticket and sleeping car reservation—after which he returned to his hotel and set about packing for the journey.

Old Neddy Jerome, as sour and cross as a setting hen, accompanied him to the taxicab to the station, both to let him escape and pleading to the last, in a forlorn hope that Jack Webster's better nature would triumph over his friendship and boyish yearning for adventure. He clung to Webster's arm as they walked slowly down the track and paused at the steps of the car containing the wanderer's reservation, just as a porter, carrying some hand baggage, passed them by, followed by a girl in a green tailor-made suit. As she passed, John Stuart Webster looked fairly into her face, started as if he were stung, and hastily lifted his hat. The girl briefly returned his scrutiny with sudden interest, decided she did not know him, and reproved him with a glance that even passed old Neddy Jerome did not fail to assimilate.

"Wow, wow!" he murmured. "The next time you try that, Johnny Webster, be sure you're right—"

"Good land o' Goshen, Neddy," Webster replied. "Fry me in bread crumbs, if that isn't the same girl! Let me go, Neddy. Quick! Good-bye, old chap. I'm on my way."

"Nonsense! The train doesn't pull out for seven minutes yet. Who is she, John, and why does she excite you so?"

"Who is she, you ancient horse thief? Why, if I have my way—and I'm certainly going to try to have it—she's the future Mrs. W."

"Alas! Poor Yorick, I knowed him well," Jerome answered. "Take a tip from the old man, John. I've been through the mill and I know. Never marry a girl that can freeze you with a glance. It isn't safe. By the way, what's the fair charmer's name?"

"I've got it down in my memorandum book, but I can't recall it this minute—Spanish name."

"John, my dear boy, be careful," Neddy Jerome counseled. "Stick to your own kind of people—Is this—a—er—a nice girl, John?"

"How do I know—I mean, how dare you ask? Of course, she's nice. Can't you see she is? And besides, why should you be so fearful?"

"I'll have you understand, young man, that I have considerable interest in the girl you're going to marry. By the way, where did you first meet this girl? Who introduced you?"

"I haven't met her, and I've never been introduced," Webster complained, and poured forth the tale of his adventure on the train from Death Valley. Neddy was very sympathetic.

"Well, no wonder she didn't recognize you when you saluted her to-night," he agreed. "Thought you were another brute of a man trying to make a mash. By thunder, Jack, I'm afraid you made a mistake when you shed your whiskers and buried your old clothes."

"I don't care what she thinks. I found her. I lost her, and I've found her again; and I'm not going to take any further chances."

The porter, having delivered his charge's baggage in her section, was returning for another tip. Webster reached out and accosted him.

"Henry," he said, "where did you stow that young lady's hand baggage?"

"Lower six, Car Nine, sah."

"I have a weakness for colored boys who are quick at figures," Webster declared, and dismissed the porter with the gratuity. He turned to Jerome.

"Neddy, I feel that I am answering the call to a great adventure," he declared solemnly.

"I know it, Jack. Good-bye, son, and God bless you. If you fit of innocent poses with a girl, you can't be a man. I'll be back with the cable and if you're back, stick the cable in the wall. Good-bye!"

At the station, Webster met a man in a top hat and a woman in a long dress. The man was looking at Webster with a curious expression. The woman was looking at him with a smile.

"I'm Old Enough to Be Your Father."



"I'm Old Enough to Be Your Father."

rapidly down the track to Car 9, climbed aboard, and made his way to Lower 6. The young lady in the green tailor-made suit was there, looking shyly out of the window.

"Young lady," Jerome began, "may I presume to address you for a moment on a matter of great importance to you? Don't be afraid of me, my dear. I'm old enough to be your father, and besides, I'm one of the nicest old men you ever met."

She could not forbear a smile. "Very well, sir," she replied.

Neddy Jerome produced a pencil and card. "Please write your name on this card," he pleaded, "and I'll telegraph what I want to say to you. There'll be a man coming through this car in a minute, and I don't want him to see me here. Please trust me, young lady."

The young lady did not trust him, however, although she wrote on the card. Jerome thanked her and fled as fast as his fat old legs could carry him. Under the station he read the card.

"Henrietta Wilkins," he murmured. "By the gods, one would never suspect a name like that belonged to a face like that. By Jingo, it would be strange if that madman persuaded her to marry him. I hope he does. If I'm any judge of character, Jack Webster won't be cruel enough to chain that vision to Sobranite; and besides, she's liable to make him decide who's most popular with him—Henrietta or Billy Geary. If she does, I'll play Geary to lose. Well! Neddy must when the devil drives." And he entered the station telegraph office and commenced to write.

An hour later Miss Dolores Ruiz, alias Henrietta Wilkins, was handed this remarkably verbose and truly candid telegram:

"Miss Henrietta Wilkins, Lower 6, Car 9, on board train 24.

"Do you recall the bewhiskered, ragged individual you met on the S. P., L. A. & S. L. train in Death Valley ten days ago? He lifted his hat to you tonight, and you almost killed him with a look. It did not occur to him that you would not recognize him disguised as a gentleman, and he lifted his hat on impulse. Do not hold it against him. The sight of you again set his reason tottering on its throne, and he told me his sad story.

"This man, John Stuart Webster, is wealthy, single, forty, fine and crazy as a March hare. He is in love with you. You might do worse than fall in love with him. He is the best mining engineer in the world, and he is now aboard the same train with you, en route to New Orleans, thence to take the steamer to Buenaventura. Sobranite, C. A., where he is to meet another lunatic and finance a hole in the ground. I do not want him to go to Sobranite. If you marry him, he will not. If you do not marry him, you still might arrange to make him listen to reason. If you can induce him to come to work for me within the next 90 days, whether you marry him or not, I will give you \$5,000 the day he reports on the job. Please bear in mind that he does not know I am doing this. If he did, he would kill me. For business is business, and this is a plain business proposition. I am putting you wise, so you will know your power and can exercise it if you care to earn the money. If not, please forget about it. At any rate, please do me the favor to communicate with me on the subject, if at all interested.

"Edward P. Jerome, President Colorado Consolidated Mines, Ltd., Care Engineers' Club."

The girl read and read this telegraphic message, and presently a slow smile began to creep upon her face. The words of the cable message were like a magic spell.

"I don't care what she thinks. I found her. I lost her, and I've found her again; and I'm not going to take any further chances."

the decision at which she ultimately arrived, and waiting for a telegraph blank, she wired the old scheme:

"Five thousand not enough money. Make it \$10,000 and I will guarantee to deliver the man within 90 days. I stay on this train to New Orleans. "HENRIETTA."

That telegram arrived at the Engineers' club about midnight, and pursuant to instructions, the night porter read it and telephoned the contents to Neddy Jerome, who promptly telephoned his reply to the telegraph office, and then sat on the edge of his bed, scratching his toes and meditating.

"That's a remarkable young woman," he decided, "and business to her finger tips. Well, I've done my part, and it's now up to Jack Webster to protect himself in the clutches and breakwaters."

About daylight a black hand passed Neddy Jerome's reply through the berth curtains to Dolores Ruiz. She read:

"Accept. When you deliver the goods, communicate with me and get your money."

"JEROME."

She snuggled back among the pillows and considered the various aspects of this amazing contract which she had undertaken with a perfect stranger. Hour after hour she lay there, thinking over this preposterous situation, and the more she weighed it, the more interesting and attractive the proposition appeared. But one consideration troubled her. How would the unknown knight manage an introduction? Or, if he failed to manage it, how was she to overcome that obstacle?

"Oh, dear," she murmured, "I do hope he's brave."

She need not have worried. Hours before, the object of her thought had settled all that to his own complete satisfaction, and as a consequence was sleeping peacefully and gaining strength for whatever of fortune, good or ill, the morrow might bring forth.

CHAPTER IV.

Day was dawning in Buenaventura, republic of Sobranite, as invariably it dawns in the tropics—without extended preliminary symptoms. The soft, silvery light of a full moon that had stayed out scandalously late had merged imperceptibly into gray; the gray was swiftly yielding place to a faint crimson that was spreading and deepening upward toward the east.

In the patio of Mother Jenks' establishment in the Calle de Concordia, No. 10, the first shafts of morning light were filtering obliquely through the orange trees and creeping in under the deep, Gothic-arched veranda flanking the western side of the patio. Presently, through the silent reaches of the Calle de Concordia, the sound of a profligate knocking and thumping echoed, as of some fearful individual seeking admission at the street door of El Buen Amigo, by which euphonious designation Mother Jenks' caravansary was known to the public of Buenaventura. In the second story, from a window slid back and a woman's voice, husky with that huskiness that speaks so accusingly of cigarettes and alcohol, demanded:

"Quien es? Who is it? Que quiere usted? What do you want?"

"Ye might dispense with that picturesque conversation with address—the likes of me," a voice replied. "Tis me—Cafferty. I have a cablegram Leher give me to deliver—"

"Gawd's truth! Would yer wake the 'ole 'ouse with yer hammering?"

"All right, I'll not say another word!"

Without the portal stood Don Juan Cafetero, of whom a word or two before proceeding.

To begin, Don Juan Cafetero was not his real name, but rather a free Spanish translation of the Gaelic, John Cafferty. Mr. Cafferty was an exile of Erin with a horrible thirst. He had first arrived in Sobranite some five years before, as section boss in the employ of the little foreign-owned narrow-gauge railway which ran from Buenaventura on the Caribbean coast to San Miguel de Padua, up-country where the nitrate beds were located. Prior to his advent the railroad boss had tried many breeds of section boss without visible results, until a Chicago man, who had come to Sobranite to install an inter-communicating telephone system in the government buildings, suggested to the superintendent of the road, who was a German, that the men made for bosses come from Erin's isle; wherefore Mr. Cafferty had been imported at a price of \$5 a day gold. Result—a marked improvement in the road bed and consequently the train schedules, and the ultimate loss of the Cafferty soul.

Something in the climate of Sobranite must have appealed to a touch of laissez faire in Don Juan's amiable nature, for in the course of time he had taken unto himself, without bell or book, after the fashion of the proletariat of Sobranite, the daughter of one Esteban Manuel Enrique Jose Maria Pasqual y Miramontes, an estimable person who was singularly glad to have his daughter off his hands and no questions asked. Following the fashion of the country, however, Esteban had forthwith moved the remainder of his numerous progeny under the mantle of Don Juan Cafetero's philanthropy, and resigned a position which for many years he had not enjoyed—to wit: salting and packing green hides at a local abattoir. This foolhardy economic move had so incensed Don Juan that in a fit of pique he expelled his father-in-law (so must call Esteban something and so why split hairs?) under the tails of his canvas, with such vigor as to sever forever the friendly relations hitherto existing between the families. Mrs. Cafferty (again we transgress, but what of it?) subsequently passed away in child birth, and so sooner said she had been deeply loved than Don Juan took a week's off to drown his sorrows.

In this condition he had accompanied Esteban Manuel Enrique Jose Maria Pasqual y Miramontes and called him out of his name. In the

interruption that ensued Esteban, fully convinced that he had received the nub and of the transaction from start to finish, cut Don Juan severely; Don Juan had thereupon slain Esteban with a .41-caliber revolver and upon emerging from the railroad hospital a month later had been tried by a Sobranite magistrate and fined the sum of \$20,000, legal tender of the republic of Sobranite. Of course, he had paid it off within six months from his wages as section boss, but the memory of the injustice always rankled him, and gradually he moved down the scale of society from section boss to day laborer, day laborer to tropical tramp, and tropical tramp to beach comb, in which latter state he had now existed for several months.

To return to Mother Jenks.

Before Don Juan could even utter a maternal greeting, Mother Jenks held finger to lip and silenced him. "Go back to Leher's and return in an hour," she whispered. "I have my reasons for wanting that bloomin' cablegram delivered later."

Don Juan hadn't the least idea what Mother Jenks' reasons might be, but he presumed she was up to some chicanery, and so he winked his blood-shot eye very knowingly and nodded his acquiescence in the program.

When he had gone, Mother Jenks went behind the bar and fortified herself with her morning's morning— which rite having been performed, her sleep-benumbed brain livened up immediately.

"Gord's truth!" the lady murmured. "An' me about to turn him adrift for the lavat fortnight! Well for 'im 'e allers hadmired the picture of 'is sainted 'Enery, as was the spittin' image of 'is own father. 'Evings! 'E'll be all right. But that was a bit of a tight squeak! Just as I'm fully convinced 'e's bent it an' I'm left 'idin' the sack, all along o' my kindness o' 'er! 'e gets the cablegram 'e's been lookin' for this two months past; an' 'e allers claimed as 'ow any time 'e got a cablegram 'e'd be an answer to 'is letter, with money to follow! My word, but that was touch an' go!"

Still congratulating herself upon her good fortune in intercepting Don Juan Cafetero, Mother Jenks proceeded upstairs to her chamber, clothed herself, and adjourned to the kitchen. After giving orders for an extra special breakfast for two, Mother Jenks returned to her chamber, and formally opened the same for the business of that day and night.

To her came presently, via the tiled hallway, the object of her solicitude, a young man on the sunny side of thirty. He was thin for one of his height and breadth of chest; in color his countenance resembled that of a sick Chinaman. His hair was thick and wavy, but lusterless; his dark blue eyes carried a hint of jaundice; and a generous mouth, beneath an equally generous upper lip, gave ample ground for the suspicion that while Mr. William Geary's speech denoted him an American citizen, at least one of his maternal ancestors had been wooed and won by an Irishman. An old Panama hat, and relic of a prosperous past, a pair of soiled buck skin pumps, a suit of unbleached linen equally befouled, and last but not least, the remnants of a smoke that much hard luck could never quite obliterate, completed his attire—and to one a stranger in the tropics would appear to constitute a complete inventory of Mr. Geary's possessions.

"Dulce corazon mio, I extend a greeting," he called at the entrance. "I trust you rested well last night, Mother Jenks, and that no evil dreams were born of your midnight repast of refritos, marmalade, and art-n'-art!"

"Chop yer spoonin', Willie," Mother Jenks simpered. "My hey! So I'm yer sweetheart, eh? Yer wheedlin' blichter, makin' love to a girl as is old enough to be yer mother!"

"A woman," Mr. Geary retorted sagely and not a whit abashed, "is at the apex of her feminine charms at thirty-seven."

He knew his landlady to be not a day under fifty, but such is the ease with which the Irish scatter their blarney that neither Billy Geary nor Mother Jenks regarded this pretty speech in the light of an observation immaterial, inconsequential and not germane to the matter at issue. Nevertheless, there was a deeper reason for his blarney. This morning, watching the telltale tinge of pleasure underlying the alcohol-hegotten hue of the good creature's face, he felt almost ashamed of his own heartless, unfeelingness, but not quite.

For two months he had existed entirely because of the leniency of Mother Jenks in the matter of credit. He could not pay her cash, devoutly as he

hoped to do some day, and he considered it of the most vital importance that in the interim he should somehow survive. Therefore, in lieu of cash he paid her compliments, which she snuggled up greedily.

An inventive genius was Billy. He never employed the same defensive tactics two days in succession, and when (person) blarney threatened to fall him, a large engon reproduction of the late Henry Jenks, which hung over the back bar, was a never-failing source of inspiration.

This was the "sainted 'Enery" previously referred to by Mother Jenks. He had been a sergeant in Her Britannic Majesty's Royal Horse Artillery, and upon retiring to the reserve had harkened to a proposition to emigrate to Sobranite and accept a commission as colonel of artillery with the government forces then in the throes of a revolutionary attack. The rebels had triumphed, and as a result 'Enery had been saluted via the customary expeditious route; whereupon his wife had had recourse to her early profession of barmaid, and El Buen Amigo had resulted.

However, let us return to our sheeps, as Mr. Geary would have expressed it. Seemingly the effect of Billy's compliment was instantly evident, for Mother Jenks set out two glasses and a bottle.

"I know yer a triller, Willy Geary," she snarled, "but if I do say it as shouldn't, I was accounted as 'andsome a barmaid as you'd find in Bristol town. I've lost my good looks, what with grief an' worry, since losin' my sainted 'Enery, but I was 'andsome once."

"I can well believe it, Mother—where you are handsome still! For my part," he continued confidentially, as with shaking hand he filled his brandy glass, "you'll excuse this drunkard's drizzle, Mother, but I nekkit; I had the shakes again last night—for my part, I prefer the full-blown rose to the bud."

Mother Jenks fluttered like a debutante as she poured her drink. They touched glasses, exchanged worldlings that were.

He tossed off his drink. It warmed and strengthened him, after his night of chills and fever, and brazenly he returned to the attack.

"Changing the subject from feminine grace and charm to manly strength and virtue, I've been marking lately the resolute pulse of your martyred husband's hand on his fine military shoulders. There was a man, if I may judge from his photograph, that would fight a wildcat."

"Oh, w'chig 'e wouldn't!" Mother Jenks hastened to declare. "You know, Willie, I was present w'en they shot 'im, a-waltin' to claim 'is body. 'E kisses me good-bye, an' says 'e: 'Brace up, old girl. Remember your 'usband's been a sergeant in 'Er Majesty's Royal 'Orse Artillery, an' 'er tell the bloody blighters see yer cry.' Then 'e walks out front, with 'is fine straight back to the wall, draws a circle on 'is blue tunic with white chalk an' says: 'Shoot at that, yer yellow-bellied bounders, an' be d—d to yer!'"

"To be the widow of such a gallant son of Mars," Billy declared, "is a greater honor than being the wife of a duke. Ah, Mother," he added with a note of genuine gratitude and sincerity, "you've been awfully good to me. I don't know what I'd have done without you." He laid his hand on her fat arm. "Mother, one of these days I'll get mine, and when I do I'm going to stink you to a nice little pub back in Bristol."

She smiled at him with motherly tenderness and shook her head. In a concrete niche in the mortuary of the Cathedral de la Vera Cruz the bones of her sainted 'Enery reposed, and when her hour came she would lie beside him.

"Yer a sweet boy, Willie," she told him, "an' I'd trust yer for double the score, shup me. 'Erin knows I haven't much, but wot I have I shares freely with them I likes."

Mother Jenks preceded him into the shady side of the veranda, where ordinarily she was wont to breakfast in solitary state. Her table was set for two this morning, however, Billy flipped an adventurous cockroach off the table and fell to with fine appetite.

He was dallying with a special brew of coffee, with condensed milk in it, when the Jamaican negro entered from the cantina to announce Don Juan Cafetero with a cablegram.

"A cablegram!" Mother Jenks cried. "Gord's truth! I'll wager the pub it's for you, Willie. Bob"—turning to the negro, and addressing him in her own private brand of Spanish—"give Don Juan a drink, if 'e hasn't helped 'imself while yer back is turned, an' bring the cablegram 'ere."

Within the minute Bob returned with a long yellow envelope, which he handed Mother Jenks. Without so much as a glance at the superscription, she handed it to Billy Geary, who tore it open and read:

"Los Angeles, Cal., U. S. A., August 16, 1913.

"Henrietta Wilkins, Calle de Concordia, No. 10, Buenaventura. Sobranite, C. A.

"Leaving today to visit you. Will cable from New Orleans exact date arrival."

The shadow of deep disappointment settled over Billy's face as he read. Mother Jenks noted it instantly.

"Wot's he got to say, Willie?" she demanded.

"It isn't a he. It's a she," Billy replied. "Besides, the cablegram isn't for me at all. It's for one Henrietta Wilkins, Calle de Concordia, No. 10, and who the devil Henrietta Wilkins may be is a mystery to me. Ever have any boarder by that name, Mother?"

Mother Jenks' red face had gone white. "Henrietta Wilkins was my maiden name, Willie," she confessed soberly, "an' there's only one human as 'ud cable me or write me by that name. Gord, Willie, wot's 'appened?"

"I'll read it to you, Mother."

Billy read the message aloud, and when he had finished, to his amazement, Mother Jenks laid her head on the table and began to weep.

CHAPTER V.

Without quite realizing why he did so, Billy decided that fear and not grief was at the bottom of the good creature's distress, and in his awkward, masculine way he placed his arm around Mother Jenks' shoulders, shook her gently, and bade her remember that claus might come and go again, but he, the said William Geary, would remain her true and steadfast friend in any and all emergencies that might occur.

"Gor! bless yer heart, Willie," Mother Jenks sniffled. "I dunno wot I tell yer ever goin' to think o' me w'en I tell wot I've been up to this past fifteen year."

"Whatever you've been up to, Mother, was a kind and charitable deed—of that much I am certain," Billy replied loftily and—to his own surprise—sincerely.

"An' Gord is my judge, Willie, it started out that w'y," moaned Mother Jenks, and she squeezed Billy's hand as if from that yellow, shaking member she would draw aid and comfort.

"Er nymie is Dolores Ruiz," 'Er father was Don Ricardo Ruiz, president av this blasted 'ell on earth w'en me an' my sainted 'Enery first came to Buenaventura. 'E was too good for the yellow-bellied beggars; 'e tried to do somethink for them an' run the government on the square, an' they couldn't understand, all along o' 'avin' been klicked an' cuffed by a long line of bloody rollers. It was Don Ricardo as gives my sainted 'Enery 'is commission as colonel in the artillery."

"You've 'eard me tell," Mother Jenks continued, "ow the rebels got 'arf a dozen American cannons—deserters from the navy—an' blew 'Enery's battery to bits; 'ow the government forces fell back upon Buenaventura; an' as 'ow w'en the dogs begun to wonder if they mightn't lose, they quit by the 'undreds an' went over to the rebel side, leavin' Don Ricardo an' 'Enery an' myse fifty o' the gentry in the palace. In course they fought to a finish; 'istorians, all of them, they 'ad to die fightin' or facin' a firin' squad."

Billy nodded. He had heard the tale before, including the recital of the sainted 'Enery's gallant dash from the



The Sainted 'Enery's Gallant Dash.

blazing palace in an effort to save Don Ricardo's only child, a girl of seven, and of his capture and subsequent execution.

"That ended the revolution," Mother Jenks continued. "But 'ere's somethink I've never told a livin' soul. Shortly before 'Enery was 'executed,' 'e told me where 'e'd 'id the youngster—in a culvert out on the Malecon; so I 'ired a four-wheeler an' went out an' rescued the pore lamb. I 'd 'er until the harvest o' the next fall steamer, w'en I shipped 'er to New Orleans in care of the stewardess. Hi 'ad 'er put in the Catholic convent there, for as 'Enery said: 'Henrietta, keep an eye on the little nipper, an' do yer damndest to see she's raised a ldy. 'Er father was a gentleman, an' you never want to forget 'e made you Mrs. Colonel Jenks.' So Hi've made a ldy out o' her, Willie: education, pianer lessons, paintin', singin', an' deportment. After she graduated from the convent, I 'ad her take a course in the University o' California—New Orleans wasn't 'althy for 'er, an' she needed a change o' climate—an' for the last two years she's been teachin' in the 'igh school in Los Angeles."

"And you haven't seen her in all these years?" Geary demanded.

"Not a look, Willie. She's been after me ever since she graduated from the convent to let her come 'ome an' visit me, but Hi've told 'er to wryte—that I'd be comin' soon to visit her, an' now, shup me, she won't wait no longer; she's comin' to visit me! Gord, Willie, she's on her w'y!"

"So this cablegram would indicate," Geary observed. "Nevertheless, Mother, I'm at a loss to know why you should feel so cut up over the impending visit."

"There was real fear in Mother Jenks' tear-dimmed eyes. 'I can't let 'er see me,' she wailed. 'I wasn't this w'y w'en my sainted 'Enery entrusted the lamb to me; I wasn't until awfter they 'executed 'Enery that I commenced to slip—an' now look at me. Look at me, Willie Geary; look at me, I say. Wot do yer see? Aw, don't tell me I'm young an' 'andsome, for I know wot I am. I'm a frowsy, drunken, disreputable baggage, with no education or skill. All along, ever since she beamed to write me a letter, The Low Henrietta Wilkins 'er an' Mother Jenks to every beachcomber in the town, in the Caribbean

Continued on Page 5

Newport & Providence

Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—5.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

STRIPED BEETLE QUITE HARMFUL

Insect Transmits Bacterial Wilt to Cucumbers, Squashes and Other Plants.

SPRAYING IS RECOMMENDED

Insects Prefer Unsprayed Plants as Food and Efficiency of Control Would Be Enhanced by Use of Early Trap Crop.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Infection with the bacterial wilt of cucurbits does not occur through soil or seed. The striped cucumber beetle and the 12-spotted cucumber beetle are both summer carriers, and probably the only means of summer transmission of the disease in the localities that have been studied. Introduction of virulent bacteria into the interior plant tissues is necessary for infection.

These points are given in a recent United States department of agriculture publication detailing the results of studies on the disease, which occurs in 31 states, including the territory from Vermont and Canada to Florida and west to Minnesota, Nebraska, Colorado and Texas. The disease also probably occurs in parts of California. Of the common domestic cucurbits the disease affects cucumbers, cantaloupes, summer and winter squashes and pumpkins, but not watermelons.

Use Bordeaux Mixture.

Spraying with strong bordeaux mixture and lead arsenate paste (4-5-50 plus 2) is recommended where the disease is likely to be severe. Treatments should begin as soon as the cucumber plants develop their first true leaves and should continue at intervals of about a week until the cucumber beetles practically disappear from the field. In localities where downy mildew is also prevalent the treatments should be continued later as a partial insurance against this disease. The beetles prefer unsprayed plants as food, and undoubtedly the efficiency of wilt control would be enhanced if a slightly earlier trap crop, such as squash, were planted along the edges of the cucumber field. The beetles could be easily poisoned there with a strong insecticide.

Pulling of wilted vines during the first part of the season, or as long as it can be done without mechanically injuring the healthy plants, will greatly assist in controlling bacterial wilt if consistently done in all neighboring fields. The diseased vines should be buried, or otherwise removed from access by the beetles.

Where a few plants only are grown in garden plots, screening the hills with fine mosquito netting will prevent the appearance of the disease.

Control in Greenhouses.

For control in greenhouses the beetles, in the first place, should be kept out. Do not grow cucurbits nor pile cucurbit refuse in the immediate vicinity of greenhouses, as this attracts the beetles and many will later find their way into the houses. If the beetles come gain entrance to a house filled

WEBSTER MAN'S MAN

Continued from Page 2
tropolis. I've had to 'er, Willie. I've wrote 'er as 'ow 'er fawther, before 'er died, give me enough money to helu- cate 'er like a lady."

Again Mother Jenks' grief overcame her. "Gor, Willie, I ain't respectable. She's comin' to see me—an' I can't let 'er. She musn't know 'ow I got the money for 'er education—sellin' 'ell-fire to a pack of rotten dorgs an' consortin' with the scum of this stinkin' ole! Oh, Willie, you've got to 'elp me. I can't 'ave 'er comin' to El Buen Amigo to see me, an' I can't ruin 'er reputation by callin' on 'er in public at the 'Ole Mateo. Oh, Gor, Willie, Mother's come a cropper."

Willie agreed with her. He patted the shufly gray head of his landlady and waited for her to regain her composure, the while he racked his agile brain for a feasible plan to fit the emergency.

"She been picturin' me in 'er mind all these years, Willie—picturin' a fraud," wailed Mother Jenks. "If she sees me now, wot a shock she'll get, pore sweetheart—an' 'er the splittin' blinage of a hangel. And oh, Willie, while she don't remember wot I looked like, think of the shock if she meets me! In 'er lawst letter she said us 'ow I was the only hangel she had in life. Ho, yas. A sweet-lookin' hangel I am—an' I'll wot 'er 'o! In die before she found out. I've got a hanuerism in my 'eart, Willie, so the surgeon on the mail boat tells me, an' w'en I go, I'll go like—that! Mother Jenks snatched her cigarette-stained fingers. I'm fifty-seven, Willie, an' since my sainted 'Enery passed away, I 'aven't been no bloomin' hangel." She wrung her hands. "Oh, w'y in 'ell couldn't them barteries 'ave busted in time to save my lamb the 'umilatin' knowlege that she's be'oldin' to the likes o' me for wot she's got—an' 'ow I got it for 'er."

Billy Geary had a bright idea. "Well," he said, "why not die—temporarily—if you feel that way about it? You could come back from the grave after she's gone."

But Mother Jenks shook her head. "No," she declared. "While Dolores is self-supportin' now, still, if anything 'appened an' she was to need 'elp, 'elp is somethin' no ghost can give. Think again, Willie. Gor, lad, w're's yer brains?"

"Well," Billy countered thoughtfully, "apparently there's no way of heading her off before she takes the steamer at New Orleans, so we'll take it for granted she'll arrive here in due course. About the time she's due, suppose you run up to San Miguel de Padua for a couple of weeks and leave me to run El Buen Amigo in your absence. I'll play fair with you, Mother, so help me. I'll account for every centavo. I'll borrow some decent clothes from Leber the day the steamer gets in; then I'll go aboard and look over the passenger list, and if she's aboard, I'll tell her you closed your house and started for California to visit her on the last north-bound steamer—that her cablegram arrived just after you had started; that the cable company, knowing I am a friend of yours, showed me the message and that I took it upon myself to call and explain that as a result of your departure for the United States it will be useless for her to land—useless and dangerous, because cholera is raging in Buenaventura, although the port authorities deny it—"

"Willie," Mother Jenks interrupted impressively, a ghost of her old theatrical spirit shining through her tears, "yer don't owe me a bloomin' sixpence! Yer've syved the day, syved my reputation, an' syved a lady's peace o' mind. Kiss me, yer precious byby."

So Billy kissed her—gravely and with filial reverence, for he had long suspected Mother Jenks of being a pearl cost before swine, and now he was certain of it.

"I'll send her back to the United States and promise to cable you to await her there," Billy continued. "Of course, we can't help it if you and the cablegram miss connections, and once the young lady is back in the United States, I dare say she'll have to stay there a couple of years before she can save the price of another sea voyage. And in the meantime she may marry—"

"Or that hanuerism may 'ave turned the trick before that," Mother Jenks suggested candidly but joyously. "In course she'll be disappointed, but then disappointment never lays 'eavy on a young 'eart, Willie; an' bein' disappointed at not seein' a person you ain't really acquainted with ain't as bad as some disappointments."

"I guess I know," Billy Geary replied bitterly. "If that cablegram had only been for me! Mother, if my old partner could, by some miracle, manage to marry this Dolores girl, your arteries and your aneurisms might bust and be damned, but the girl would be safe."

"Byby," Mother Jenks suggested hopefully. "yer might fix it up for her w'en I'm gone. From all haccoun'ts 'e's no-end a gentleman."

"He's a he-man," Mr. Geary declared with conviction. He sighed. "John Stuart Webster, wherever you are, please write or cable," he murmured.

To be continued

At "Boy Land," a school for boys in Santa Barbara, Cal. It is possible to view the whole earth, laid out flat like a map over about two acres of ground. Rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys, continents, and oceans are all complete. The boys can paddle through the larger waterways.

Bowling Green History. In 1732 Bowling Green (517 acres) in New York City was ordered fenced in. It was leased to one peppercorn a year for 11 years to three citizens for a private bowling green, the lease being renewed for a second 11 years at 20 shillings per annum.—Automobile Blue Book.

Mrs.—Miss—Mrs.

By CORONA REMINGTON

(© 1919, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Carefully, dear, and don't put your tongue out when you write."

The young woman sat on the grass beside the little boy and guided the unsteady hand.

"That's it!" she said a moment later. "You've done it beautifully. Now, if you want to play a little you may."

With a squeal of delight the boy threw his arms around her neck then ran away to chase the dancing butterflies.

"May I join the party, Mrs. Franklin?" said a pleasant voice beside her as the owner dropped carelessly on the ground at her feet.

"What would you do if I were to say 'no'?" she laughed.

"Too late now—besides, I knew you wouldn't."

"Talk about the vanity of women! How about the conceit of men?" she teased.

"That aphorism of yours is one more kid," he said, changing the subject. "I think he's wonderful," she put in, her eyes following the little figure in front of them. "And he's learning to write as a surprise for his mother. Do you think he can do anything in three months?"

"Sure he can if he doesn't blow himself up or set the hotel on fire first."

She smiled as she handed the sheet of paper to Arthur Mantell.

"That's not bad when you know he's only been at it a month and we have two whole months left."

"Fine, I should say," the man declared as Billy came running toward them.

"But Auntie says I put the tumblers to my 'd's on the wrong side," he said woefully as he pointed a pudgy forefinger at the recalcitrant 'd's.

"Never mind, you'll soon get that straight," the man soothed as Billy trotted off again.

"He's so much stronger since we came over here," Mrs. Franklin remarked irrelevantly. "By the end of the summer he'll be a real little man again."

"But I don't see how your husband can ever exist without you for three whole months," the man said sincerely.

Mrs. Franklin blushed and turned her head away.

"Oh, I know I've done something wrong," she declared apologetically. "Do forgive me."

"No, no, you haven't," the girl replied hesitatingly.

"If you'll look at me I'll be convinced. I can always tell in your eyes when you are hurt or happy or sad."

Slowly, she raised her head and looked unwaveringly at him. "Now—see?" she smiled.

"Yes," he answered rather lamely, his heart thumping.

After a while she excused herself and took Billy back to the hotel for his nap. Mantell's eyes followed the two as they walked across the lawn.

"I don't believe she's so very much older than Billy," he said to himself. "But, Lord! why are all the nice women married? I know she was meant for me, and even if there's something wrong with her husband I'll bet she loves him. She's just the thick-and-thin, for-better-or-for-worse kind, and who wants to marry a girl that's already given her heart to some other chap?"

His nose ached and he strode toward the hotel.

"Never mind, tomorrow'll be Monday and I can work. It's not quite so bad when you don't have to hang around all day and think how wonderful she'd be in a little home all our own. I'll keep out of her way the whole week. No use burning your fingers for nothing."

But Mantell's resolution was as wish-washy and weak-backed as most resolutions and he broke it the next evening.

"Mrs. Franklin," he said and shifted boyishly from one foot to the other.

She could not help smiling and wondering at his embarrassment as she tried to help him out.

"Just say it right out," she coaxed. "I know it's not so bad."

"Well, well, would it be any harm for a chap to ask you and Billy to go to the movies tonight?"

"I don't think it would be a bit of harm," she laughed, "and I hope the 'chap' will do it because I know Billy and I would enjoy it."

"Great!" he exclaimed, throwing his hat in the air. "Let's go."

"You're nothing but a boy," she told him her eyes sparkling.

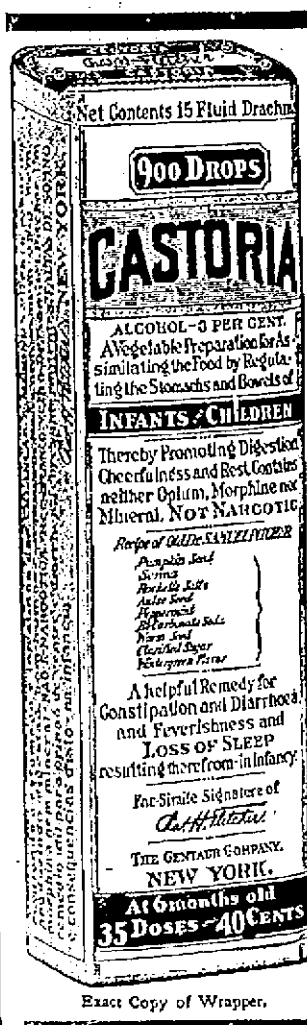
"I'm twenty-nine years old the fourth of August, possess one Master's degree in architecture, an office, a second-hand typewriter and contracts for five different buildings," he told her in injured tones.

"That's quite a wonderful record," she admitted graciously, "and I take it all back. Now I'll run and find Billy and my hat and we'll go."

That was the beginning of a hilarious round of movies, canoe rides and tennis sets, and all the time Mantell knew that he was getting in deeper and deeper and Mrs. Franklin was wondering what the people at the hotel were thinking of her, but she really didn't care so very much.

It wasn't any harem going out with him and Billy and often Mr. Mantell took Billy on a little jaunt without her. He was evidently very fond of the child.

In this way the days slipped by and the boy grew rosier and fatter and more skillful with his pencil until, at last, the time came for them to return to their home city.



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For Infants and Children.

Mothers Know That Genuine Castoria

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Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens.

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at a per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 15. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

YIELDED TO TATTOOER'S ART

Many Royal Personages Have Been "Decorated"—Amusing Experience of Swedish Monarch.

It was no secret to his intimates that King Edward VII. of England subjected his arms to the art of a tattooer when he was prince of Wales, nor is it a secret that his son, the present king, was tattooed by a skillful Japanese, when as a midshipman on board the "Dacotah" he visited Japan many years ago.

The late czar of Russia wore an indelible India-ink dragon on his left forearm, and quite a number of other European royalties past and present, have received these indestructible "decorations."

But the experience of Charles XIV of Sweden and Norway, makes an interesting little story by itself. It was always a puzzle to those most intimately associated with him, that he would never show himself anywhere with bare arms. It was not until his death in 1844 that the mystery was explained. On his right arm were tattooed neither a dragon, an eagle nor an insignia of high authority, but instead the red cap of Liberty, and the motto, "Death to Kings." As Jean Baptiste Jules Bernadotte, in his young republican days in France, he had been thus tattooed, never dreaming that later he would be called to the throne.

SHEEP KILLED THEIR ENEMY

Ordinarily Timid Animals Worked In Concert to Stamp Life Out of Big Rattlesnake.

One summer morning a farmer in Virginia started out to salt a small flock of sheep that he had recently put into a hilly, overgrown field some distance from his home. At the pasture he called for some time, but seeing or hearing nothing of the sheep he walked down toward the middle of the enclosure and mounted a tall stump at the edge of the briar patch. From this point of vantage he could see the flock on a piece of level ground scarcely 50 yards below him.

The sheep were crowded into a swaying excited circle some 20 feet in diameter.

Presently, while the sheep were standing still, a big wether made a spring, landed with his feet in the very center of the ring and bounced away like a rubber ball. In a flash another followed his lead, and another, until all had leaped on the same spot. Then away they swept down the hill.

Stepping down from his perch, the farmer made his way to the scene of this strange performance. By the side of the trampled briar clump lay the mangled remains of a big rattlesnake.

Barbless Hooks for Anglers.

A very commendable movement is under way among members of the Megantic club, and probably other sporting clubs, for the use of the barbless hook. The idea is that true sportsmanship consists in giving the members of the "finny tribe" a fair chance for life and escape, and that to catch a fish with a barbless hook is more creditable than to use the old-fashioned barb. When trout or salmon are caught with a barbed hook, they are apt to be seriously injured, and even if thrown back into the water do not recover. In many cases, whereas, if the barbless hook is used, as now advocated, they are, if returned to the water, in almost all instances revived and may be caught over and over again. This is true sportsmanship, and it is to be hoped that the barbless hook movement will succeed.—Boston Post.

Road Law Easy to Learn.

Highway law is not hard to understand. It is universally recognized as the clearest expressed and the simplest system of law on our statute books. It speaks, not in terms of dead phrasing, but in simple, direct, forceful language. Any motorist who cares to do so can ascertain his legal rights and liabilities in his state in 15 minutes' reading, and he won't need an attorney to interpret it for him, either.—Chesla O. Sherlock in Motor.

On Peruvian Railways.

The railways of Central Peru spread out in a Y, at the right-hand end of which is Huancayo, something more than 200 miles from Lima. At every railroad station, old women crowd through the cars selling the favorite nectar of the Incas, all purchasers drinking from the same cup, and generally several from the same filling. Nearly every traveler has his own supply of a more potent native beverage.

Great Russian Port.

The harbor of Odessa, in south Russia, is formed by several stone piers and a long breakwater and is protected in every direction. It is the only port in southern Russia where ships drawing 20 feet can come directly to the docks, and the docks are larger and better equipped than those of any other Black sea port. The depth is 35 feet on one side and 13 to 17 feet on the other.

Brilliant Scheme.

On the fourth birthday Frances and Rita were watching the finishing touches being put on a cake by their mother. The Frances exclaimed, "Mother, have today for my birthday and we'll have another for Rita tomorrow."



Large Cucumber Field.

with growing plants hand picking is the only remedy to be recommended until some fumigant is found that will kill the beetles without injuring the cucumber plants. Besides destroying the cucumber beetles, great care must be exercised in disinfecting all instruments used in pruning wilted vines before using them again on healthy plants. This may easily be done with a bottle of 1 to 1,000 mercuric chlorid and a sponge.

MULCH IS NOT APPRECIATED

Practice Has Long Been Recognized as Important Factor in Successful Fruit Culture.

Although mulching has long been recognized as an important factor in successful small fruit culture, the value of summer mulching in the vegetable garden is not yet appreciated by most home-acre gardeners, and it is not practiced by them as generally as it deserves to be.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

MAJ. JULIA STIMSON.

Chief of Reorganized
Army Nurse Corps.

A new photograph of Maj. Julia Stimson, chief of the army nurse corps. Miss Stimson served overseas during the war and her appointment as chief of the army nurses was made under the new army reorganization act.

10,000 SEE PLANE KILL TWO IN CRASH

Machine Plunges to Earth as
Lieut. Grier and Sergt. Saxe
Photograph Champions.

New York.—Ten thousand persons watching the finals of the national tennis singles championship on the West Side courts in Forest Hills, L. I., had their attention attracted from the spectacle of sport to a spectacle of death when an airplane plunged to earth and ended the careers of two service aviators.

The airplane shot to the ground with terrific speed and struck a stand 200 feet from one of the stands. The impact of the blow—driving the motor three feet into the soil and shrouding the two mangled forms in sagging wreckage—came with staccato sharpness to the thousands and sent a shudder through them.

The men who died were veterans of the war and of the air. They had accepted many risks in war and sky and had always been lucky. Lieutenant James Murray Grier, United States navy, member of a prominent Philadelphia family, fought for months with the Lafayette Escadrille. He was decorated for flights over the Mediterranean when, in our service, he was on an ensign attached to the navy air base at Porto Corsini, Italy.

The second victim was First Class Sergeant Joseph Peter Saxe, one of the army's most expert photographers, a typical "reggie," twenty-three years in the service, fighter in the Philippines, China and Cuba, and in the World War a daring photographer of German trenches and allies. His latest achievement had been the taking of airplane pictures of the America's Cup races. On one of the yacht races days he dropped 1,000 feet into the bay, but escaped unhurt.

With Lieutenant Grier as pilot and Sergeant Saxe as cameraman the plane had climbed up from the big army field 15 minutes before and shot toward the tournament at high speed. The plane, a JN-4, had an old type motor. It was asserted that when Grier and Saxe were dressing for their flight they were warned that the motor might cause trouble, but laughed at the warning.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

WARSAW.—Lithuania, in reply to the Polish charge that Lithuanian forces had crossed the Curzon boundary line without declaring war, throws responsibility for the recent clash at Selva, east of Suwalki, on the Poles.

DUBLIN.—A band of men disguised as soldiers descended upon the town of Belleek, County Fermanagh, in motor cars, gained entrance to the police barracks, held up the police with revolvers, locked them in an out-house, captured all their arms and burned the barracks. Several of the police were in church at the time.

NEW YORK.—William T. Tilden, of Philadelphia, who won the world's tennis championship at Wimbledon, England, recently, added the national title to his laurels when he defeated William M. Johnston, of California, the playing through champion on the West Side Courts at Forest Hills.

TOKIO.—Chambers of Commerce representatives in this country have adopted resolutions declaring that American shipping legislation injures the trade interests of other countries, and therefore cannot be said to represent the common good of the various nations.

Apparently puffed at the small amount of loot which they obtained at the Boston station of the Western Express and Portland division of the Boston and Maine railroad, Portland, Me., men who are dodging around the city in an automobile broke open a car of cases among the express packages and threw them promiscuously about the place.

40 IN DISABLED S-5 ARE RESCUED

Chief Engineer of Goethals and
Men Save Crew of Submarine
Drilling Steel Five Hours.

SUBMERGED FOR 37 HOURS.

Bore Through the Hull and Rescue
Thirty-seven Men Safely—Floods
Living Compartment and Sets
Chlorine Gas Free.

Philadelphia.—The submarine S-5, from which the crew of 37 were rescued Friday morning, sank on Wednesday afternoon off the Delaware Capes at 2 o'clock because one of the air intake valves refused to close when the craft made "a quick dive for exercise."

That is contained in an official report made to Washington by radio by one of the boats that stood by and helped in the rescue of the men from the S-5, according to a report here.

The radio message of the Navy Department, the report says, was as follows:

"S-5 made quick dive for exercise at 2 p. m. Wednesday. Large valve in air intake failed to close. Admitted large quantity of water to living spaces.

"Boat went to bottom in 103 feet of water. Got valve closed and expelled all water possible whereupon stern lifted barely out of water, bow on bottom, inclined down 60 degrees.

"Forward compartments vacated and sealed. Continued all possible efforts to expel water. No success. Chlorine also forced vacating control room, after which the 37 officers and men crowded into two small machinery spaces aft and soon began to suffer from bad air.

"Finding stern just clear of water, Lieutenant Commander Cooke and crew began drilling through with small hand drills. Very slow work. Could only work two minutes at a time; bad air.

"At 8 p. m. Thursday S. S. Alanthus saw submarine; came close; attention attracted by calling and waving through small hole; made fast and hung to submarine until relieved Friday morning; no tools; could not enlarge hole, but saved lives of whole crew by pumping air in with small water pump.

"S. S. General Goethals next arrived. Her chief engineer clung to submarine stern. Worked small hand drill for eight hours. Spent all work.

"Finally got hole large enough at 8 a. m., Friday, and all officers and crew escaped without permanent injury. All suffering from 37 hours' bad air. Some temporarily incapacitated. The captain and some others soon revived and began assisting in salvaging submarine.

"Naval vessels that started from Hampton Roads, Philadelphia, New York and New London began arriving early Friday morning. Ohio now attempting to tow S-5 ashore.

"Consider saving personnel was splendid feat. Slightest mistake after accident on part of officers would have resulted loss of some or all."

All commented on the bravery of the officers and crew of S-5 as they were rescued from the ship. The first request of each man was for a cigarette. Every one of them was wan and pale from the 37 hours spent in the darkness of the sunken hull with all oxygen virtually exhausted.

Only one of the rescued crew was knocked out by the trying ordeal—O. Savage, a seaman on the S-5, who was nearly unconscious when he was taken out, but he was recovering under medical care on the United States Shipping Board steamer Alanthus, when the Goethals parted company with her.

Captain E. O. Swensen, who was formerly chief officer of the General Goethals and was making his first voyage in command, said that the chief honors in the rescue of the crew of the S-5 were due to William G. Grace, the chief engineer of the General Goethals, who cut and drilled the three-quarter inch plates of the submarine for six and three-quarters hours, until the hole was large enough to be wrangled open with a crowbar so that the 37 prisoners could be taken out.

FRENCH TAKE AINTAB.

Rout Turks Out of City Where Armenians Were Massacred.

Constantinople.—Aintab, in Asia Minor, 58 miles northeast of Aleppo and the scene several months ago of a massacre of Armenians by Turks, has been taken by French troops. The city was held by two Turkish brigades.

French forces are marching on Marash, 37 miles northwest of Aintab, and are meeting with resistance from Turkish Nationalists. Marash has been the scene of a number of encounters.

CAN'T HALT EXCLUSION VOTE.

California Refuses to Delay Referendum on Japanese Question.

Washington.—Refusing a plea by Secretary of State Coby that action on the anti-Japanese land referendum bill be postponed in California until adequate effort can be made to settle the question by negotiation with Japan, Governor William D. Stephens of California personally informed the secretary that nothing short of a Japanese exclusion act would be of any satisfaction.

Reports from Plymouth, Carver and Weymouth and the Cranberry district on Cape Cod, Mass., show that the approaching crop will be one of the smallest in years. Carver reports not more than half a crop, while in other sections the berries are so scattered that some bogs will not even be picked.

ALEXANDER C. ROSS.

Yachtsman Who Has Chal-
lenged for America's Cup.

Alexander C. Ross, a Canadian yachting enthusiast who has issued a challenge to the New York Yacht Club to compete for the America's cup in 1922. Officials of the Royal Nova Scotia yacht squadron declared they were willing to co-operate with Mr. Ross.

SEPARATE REDS FROM GERMANS

Poles Circle East Prussia on
Lithuanian Border to Bar
the Russian Bolsheviks.

Paris.—The Poles intend to continue their eastward march, especially in the direction of Grodno, in the district north of Warsaw, until a considerable area beyond the Supreme Council's frontier line is entirely cleared of Bolshevik troops and Poland's frontiers are assured of strategic protection.

News reached Paris that the first contact with Lithuanian troops was effected without incident, the Polish generals assuring the population they do not intend conquest of the territory, but proposed merely to disarm the elements which might provoke disorders if Moscow orders a general mobilization of the Russian army.

The French Foreign Office insists that this Polish passing of the eastern line does not constitute a violation of the Allies' wishes, which are being communicated to General Pilsudski by Count Szamoyl, Polish minister here, who is on his way to the front, but stress is being laid on the importance of maintaining the most friendly relations with the smaller States, lest a Bolshevik reaction develop which would detract from the success of the Polish victory and spoil the effect of the disintegration which already is making itself felt in Moscow.

The greatest benefit from the Lithuanian advance is the complete encircling of East Prussia by the Poles, which, in the eyes of the French General Staff, presented a danger of collusion between the Reds and the Germans which would result in the freeing of the interned Bolsheviks.

The Bolshevik communiques maintain an optimistic note, but the French are informed from all fronts that the possibility of a Russian recovery is remote. General Wrangel has suffered slight reverses, but he has been hailed as a liberator in the new sectors, where he had promised the peasants that they would be permitted to keep the land but would have to pay a percentage of their profits to the new Government as soon as he reached Moscow.

The savage massacres of Polish priests and of soldier prisoners and the sinking of churches marked the path of the Red advance toward Mlava in the Bolsheviks' effort to cut the Danzig corridor.

LATEST EVENTS AT WASHINGTON

The charge that Japan has openly violated the Monroe Doctrine by establishing a fortified base on Turtle Island, in Magdalena Bay, in Lower California, is made by Representative Schall of Minnesota. It has been laid before officials of this Government.

Post Office Department announced the opening of a through air mail service between New York and San Francisco, with stops at Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha and Salt Lake City. South American trade balance against the United States for the fiscal year of 1920 was \$370,000,000.

The United States Department of Justice has instituted suits involving millions of dollars against more than 300 contractors who have become involved in disputes concerning the fulfillment of their war contracts.

Aroused by the constantly growing menace of "outlaw" strikes, the American Federation of Labor has notified all local and state branches of its organization that the charter of any affiliated union found aiding such a movement will be immediately revoked. It is thought this notice will have great weight.

Floran Jendreau was killed in what was claimed to have been a friendly wrestling match at North Yarmouth, Me., with William Lalipert. His neck was broken in two places causing death almost instantly. Lalipert's horse ran away while he and two companions were rushing to a physician's office with the body.

SLIDE KILLS THREE AT NIAGARA FALLS

A. Hartman and Wife of Brook-
lyn Among the Victims in
Cave of the Winds.

ROW INTO POOL FOR BODIES.

Crew Recovers Them in Hazardous
Venture—One of Victims Was to
Have Been Married in a
Few Weeks.

Niagara Falls, N. Y.—Two women and one man were killed and two men were injured when a slide of shale rock forced out the fourth bridge leading to the old Riddle stairway in the Cave of the Winds, under Niagara Falls. The dead are:

A. Hartman, thirty-seven years old, 4118 Avenue P, Brooklyn.

Louise Hartman, thirty-six years old, Mr. Hartman's wife, of the same address.

Clara M. Faust, twenty-two years old, 2038 Norwood avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

The seriously injured are:
T. W. Lee, twenty-six years old, 44 South Twenty-second street, Pittsburgh, Pa., said to be the fiancé of Miss Faust.

Frank R. Haebling, twenty-five years old, 83 Clarendon avenue, Detroit, Mich.

Lee sustained lacerations of the scalp and bruises on the head and body. Haebling was cut and bruised on the head and body.

The dead and injured were members of a party of one hundred or more tourists, who were in charge of Rufus Robinson, a guide employed at the cave. They were just completing the circuit of the four bridges in the cave. Mr. and Mrs. Hartman were about in the middle of the bridge when the slide came. Robinson, the guide, was leading the way up the stairway, followed closely by Haebling and his wife, and Lee. Miss Faust had hold of one of Lee's hands. Mrs. Haebling was uninjured, but suffered from shock.

The noise of the falling rock was drowned by the roar of the cataract and the first intimation that Robinson had of the accident was when Lee cried out as Miss Faust was torn from his grasp by the falling rock. Mr. and Mrs. Hartman were almost buried by the rock and dirt.

Another group of tourists led by Edward Perry, another guide, which was just approaching the fourth bridge, stood terrified as they saw the slide force out the bridge. For a moment panic reigned, but Perry commanded them to turn and retrace their steps, and they were brought safely around the circuit to the main stairway and up from the cave.

The bodies of the dead were recovered by men from the steamer Maid of the Mist, who made their way in a rowboat into the pool under the falls. It was a hazardous venture, but they succeeded, and the bodies were carried by the Maid of the Mist to the landing on the American side.

The identification of the Hartmans was made from a card among the woman's effects and from a key to Room 510, the Iroquois Hotel, Buffalo, found in Mr. Hartman's effects. Inquiry at the hotel brought the information that the couple had been registered there for three days and were still guests at the hotel, although out today. Carls in Mrs. Hartman's effects showed that she was a Red Cross nurse. One of the carls instructed the finder to notify Hartman, 4118 Avenue P, Brooklyn, in case of accident.

Pittsburgh, Pa.—Clara M. Faust of Pittsburgh, who was killed by a falling of rock in the Cave of the Winds under Niagara Falls, and T. W. Lee, who was injured, were to have been married within a few weeks, relatives of the dead girl said.

Miss Faust and Mr. Lee, they said, had left Pittsburgh to spend the week-end and Labor Day at the Falls.

Mr. David Silverman Tells How Cuticura Healed His Eczema

"I contracted a very severe case of eczema and it was so bad it kept me up nights. It formed into large, red pimples, very irritating and my skin was sore and red. The itching was so disagreeable that I could have torn myself to pieces. Could not do my work. Was disfigured for time being. Was treated but got no relief. I was advised to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Sent for free sample. The first night I used them was the first night I slept without agony for months so I purchased more, and I used three fifty cent boxes of Ointment with the Soap which healed me." (Signed) David Silverman, Saugatuck, Conn., July 12, 1919.

Prevent these distressing skin troubles becoming serious by making Cuticura Soap, and no other, your every-day toilet soap, assisted by little touches of Cuticura Ointment now and then. They are ideal for keeping the complexion fresh and clear, hands soft, scalp clean, hair luxuriant. Always before completing your toilet dust your skin with a few grains of Cuticura Talcum, an exquisitely scented face and skin powder.

Small boxes of Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold everywhere. For larger boxes, write to Cuticura Soap Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.A. Cuticura Soap shaves without lather.

BEDS and BEDDING

This is a wonderful opportunity for you to supply
your beds and bedding needs for now and hereafter

Fine Brass Beds that ought to be \$25.00
\$18.75

Brass Beds that ought to be \$30.00
\$22.50

Brass Beds that ought to be \$10.00
\$30.00

Pure Silk Floss Mattresses that ought to be \$20.00
\$17.98

SOLID MAHOGANY ROUND TIP TOP TABLES

24 inch top with carved clawfoot base
ought to be \$24.00

\$15.75

Solid Mahogany Muffin Stands ought to be \$15.00
\$11.25

TITUS'

August Clearance Sale

225-229 Thames St., Newport, R. I.

The Savings Bank of Newport

Thames Street

Friday, July 18, 1919

Friday, July 16, 1920

DEPOSITS \$11,255,829.67 \$11,713,488.33

INCREASE = = = = \$457,658.66

AS YOUR BANK ACCOUNT GROWS

you have greater confidence in yourself as a
provider for emergency or opportunity.
Save now—all you can.
Have an account with The Industrial Trust
Company.

4 Per Cent Interest Paid on Participation Accounts.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY

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IF FOR SALE OR TO LEASE

LIST YOUR REAL ESTATE WITH

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REAL ESTATE, INSURANCE AND
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EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 1/2 Thames Street

Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECTION

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Orders

Promptly

Attended to

All Goods

are Fresh

Absolutely

LIKE COOL FROCKS

Pastel Shades for Warm Weather—Pale Green Coolest.

Colors Play Most Important Part in Milady's Comfort on Hot Midsummer Days.

Though it is rather maddening to be told how cool we look on a hot summer day, when we are feeling quite the opposite, after the first indignation has worn off the remark is apt to have a psychological effect that actually makes us feel cooler, points out a fashion correspondent.

And, after all, it is a very big compliment to be told that we look cool when the weather makes such an appearance almost impossible, for what is less attractive than any one who is obviously hot?

Cool colors and cool fabrics go a long way toward making a cool summer. This is evidenced by the usual custom of dressing our rooms in their summer clothes if we are to inhabit them during the warm weather. Heavy velvet and brocade hangings



An outdoor frock with a skirt of kumli-kumli and overblouse of printed dew-kist. With it is worn a wide-brimmed sailor, crown encircled with double ruching of satin de luxe.

give way to cretonnes or silks in cool shades and elaborate formal curtains are replaced by shapely sheer affairs. Thick rugs are taken up, too, and all this is done because it makes the rooms look cooler, not because these winter trappings actually add to the heat of the house.

This principle holds good in dressing ourselves, too, and pastel shades in delicate fabrics rule our lives in summer if we are fortunate enough to be out of town where such things are appropriate. But even among pastel shades there are some that are cooler than others, and we are not apt to take this into consideration in choosing our Swiss and organdie frocks. Pale green, the shade that has appropriately been called "seafoam," has perhaps the most cooling effect upon the eye. White, of course, is notably chilly, and pale blue has the same tendencies. Shades of rose and yellow have warmth, and light, and though they are favorite summer colors on a really stizzling day their wearers will not look as comfortable as they might.

ATTIRE FOR GIRL WHO HIKES

Knickers, With Long Coat, Low-Heeled Shoes, Tam, Long Cane, Among Requisites.

Bathing is far from being the only or even the most popular summer sport. Walking—especially for the devotee of the mountains—has a great many passionate followers. There are girls who are really not the least little bit afraid of a ten-mile stroll in the forenoon.

Of course, to thoroughly enjoy walking one must be dressed accordingly. No long or tight skirt, no high heels, these would spoil this healthy pleasure. Nowadays knickers are being worn quite frequently for mountain climbing. They are prettier than ever and the girl with the athletic figure—and most walkers possess it—looks charming in this boyish outfit.

A lovely costume of this sort consists of dark brown faced shoes quite heelless, heavy woolen sport stockings and light tan and dark brown checked knickers. With this is worn a dark brown coat which reaches almost to the bottom of the knickers. A ponce blouse in the natural shade tied with a Windsor bow of checked taffeta adds a note of brightness to the otherwise rather somber outfit. A tam of shanter of bright tan suede cloth, a long cane, a heavy pair of gantlet gloves—and there you are.

Worn Over Underslips.
Frocks of white organdie daintily embroidered with white are worn over underslips of vivid taffeta—the organdie, which is a new and exceedingly transparent sort, looking like a mere white mist over the bright colored underdress.

Ancestors Were All Black!

The fairness of the European skin is attributed to some virtue in the supracaral glands and all the knowledge we have since gained supports the conclusion formed by John Hunter 150 years ago that the original color of man's skin was black.

COLORS IN THE HOME ROOMS

Many Tints to Pick From, but Harmony Should Be the Watchword for Cheerfulness.

"This is the blue room," so many people who are showing you their homes will say to you, "for this is the pink room," and the only thing you can think of is how could they think it necessary to tell you, you couldn't possibly make a mistake, it certainly was blue—or pink, as the case may be. The trouble is that they do not realize that every room needs splashes of different colors to give it character. For example, one young woman wanted a rose bedroom. She bought white furniture and had the walls done in pale pink and white striped paper. There was a rose rug on the floor with a darker rose border, roses ran riot over the white curtains, the chairs were upholstered in the same rose cretonne, there was a rose lining under the bed cover, and a rose chift shade on the reading lamp at the head of the bed. Everything was lovely, and yet she didn't like it, but she didn't know why. Her first guest was an interior decorator and she was able to put her finger on the difficulty from the very start. She made her put the rose cretonne curtains in another room, and got a black and white striped material for the windows, hung a stunning black lacquered mirror over the low boy, change the lamp shade for a French-blue one with rose-colored trimmings and put a few dashes of the French blue about in little accessories, a quill pen on the desk, a couple of candles on the dressing table, and it was perfect.

In a blue room, of course the blue predominates, but if there isn't anything else but blue it is terribly cold and gloomy. A very lonely blue living room has chintz over-curtains in blues, yellows and greens, there is a yellow shade on the floor lamp with blue bands, the rugs are in soft oriental colorings, and there is a great, glowing Maxfield Parrish print over the couch, which has a black cover and blue and yellow cushions.

ATTRACTIVE GIFT FOR BABY

Container for Soiled Linens is Easily Made—Same Idea Serves as Wastepaper Basket.

A very useful little inexpensive gift for the new baby is a baby's soiled linen box. Ask your outfitter for a small round tin box about one foot high, and with no lid. Take a piece of rosebud, or some other small design, chintz or printed sateen and cut exactly to fit around the box, of course figuring enough for the seams. Allow three inches at the bottom end of the chintz, and stitch a hem for a drawstring. Slip the box in and draw the strings.

The bottom should draw up neatly just under the box, and the top well over the edge. One will find that with the heading added there is just enough room left to slip in the little garments easily, and yet they will not fall out, should the box be overturned.

The slip cover, being loose, can be easily laundered. The same idea would answer equally well as a wastepaper basket, carried out on larger scale.

CHIC COAT FOR TRAVEL WEAR



Here is shown a Parisian traveling coat of soft undyed cloth with white and blue stripes running diagonally across the waist.

Use of the Flouncing.
A favorite way to use the flouncing in the bodice is to carry it up over each shoulder from the front of the belt to the back of the belt, letting it come out on the arm and form a short kimono sleeve. Or, if there is not enough then it may simply be used as a vestee in front with place to match at the back and the rest of the blouse made of net, tucked, pulled or puffed. The pulled net sleeve, with three bands of narrow lace confining the puffs is a very popular and attractive sleeve at the present moment. It is quaint and summary.

Silk Braid Adds Chic.

A straight frock with a panel back and front is given chic by row after row of silk braid which fills in the sides.

Chronic Insomnia.

"A woman," observed Mr. Henry Peck, "is never so sleepy at night as when she hears Friend Husband fumbling at the front door keyhole, and never so wide awake as when he is trying to tip-toe up the stairs."—American Legion Weekly.

ARCTIC RESCUE IS THRILLING

Desperate Battle Fought by Icebreaker With Great Floes in Kara Sea.

SHIP DRIFTS FOR MONTHS

Captain Gives a Plain but Graphic Account of Perilous Voyage—Exciting Race in Ice-Laden Sea—Joy Hard to Describe.

London.—Capt. Otto Sverdrup's narrative of the rescue of crew and passengers from the Russian steamship Solovet Boudimovitch, which drifted helplessly for months in the Kara sea, is a thrilling tale of Arctic adventure. Captain Sverdrup's story, as printed in the London Times, follows:

It was in April last that I was entrusted with the task of planning, equipping and leading a relief expedition to the Kara sea in order to search for and if possible to rescue the crew and passengers on board the steamship Solovet Boudimovitch, which at the end of January had become jammed in the ice outside the White sea and afterward was carried in the ice through the Kara straits into the Kara sea. There the vessel drifted dangerously about. She had left Archangel provisioned for only two months, and food, coal and fuel were falling short.

The big, powerful icebreaker Sviatogor was placed at the disposal of the expedition by the British government and sent over to Bergen. Here she was quickly manned, equipped and provisioned for six months. We left Bergen on May 18 and arrived at Tromsø on the 17th. There we lay until June 7—a very painful period of waiting for us and doubly painful for the Russians hungry and cold on board the Solovet, who had been informed by wireless that we had started.

At Vardo we shipped 50 tons of supplies more, and having left on the evening of June 9 anchored on the morning of June 12 in Bieleusha bay, Norva Zemlya, where we took on board 500 tons of coal from the steamship Harde, which had been dispatched direct from Tromsø.

Up Against Strong Ice Barrier.
We passed through Kara straits practically untroubled by ice until the morning of the 16th, when we encountered a large mass of old close-packed polar ice. It was clearly no use trying to force a passage through this; we had to try to find the newer and more penetrable ice which had drifted from the west into the Kara sea through the strait. We steamed, therefore, in a northwesterly direction, but as there appeared no improvement in the conditions we turned about and went in a southeasterly direction until the polar ice was passed.

Then, fortunately, a breeze sprang up from the northeast and made a considerable improvement in the ice conditions. Then we steered north in the direction of the Solovet, and about 8:30 in the evening, according to the last position received from her by wireless, we reckoned that we were within about eight or ten minutes distance.

On the 18th the weather cleared, and having taken the necessary observations in the morning and at noon we continued our voyage at 1 p. m. At the same time we received a wireless giving the position of the Solovet, which was considerably further north than before.

A little later we suddenly caught sight of the Russian icebreaker Kanna, steaming after us. She had had the advantage of the strong northeast wind, which had parted the ice, and our long wait for the purpose of taking observations had also helped her to overtake us. On June 17 our wireless had picked up a call from the Kanna to the Solovet, which confirmed the rumor we had heard at Vardo that the Soviet government was equipping a new expedition.

Soon afterward, we received a direct inquiry from the Kanna as to our position, which we immediately telegraphed both to the Kanna and the Solovet, at the same time asking them to give us theirs. The Kanna replied asking us to stop for a conversation, and in the conversation which followed with Commissar of Marine Mikhailoff and Captain Mokaloff of the Kanna it was explained that the vessel had been dispatched by the Soviet government in order to give assistance if it should be necessary or in case there should be difficulties of any sort in consequence of the political changes which had occurred since the Solovet had left Archangel. It appeared also that they had orders to bring the ship back to Archangel direct.

Exciting Race in Ice-Laden Sea.

After the conference was over, therefore, there began an exciting race between the two ships. The ice through which we had to force a passage was very different from that we had had to tackle before. This was the ordinary polar ice of the Kara sea, closely packed, with only a few small gaps of open water. I had very little hope of getting through, and that we did succeed was due only to the remarkable qualities of the Sviatogor as an icebreaker.

With full steam up from all of her ten boilers she burst her way splendidly through the strong pack ice. Now and then she was beaten and had to back and make a fresh attack at full speed. It was not often that more than two attempts had to be made, but it happened sometimes that the maneuvers had to be repeated nine or ten times where the ice was 20 feet thick or more.

At first the Kanna had a little start, but the roles were soon changed. The Sviatogor went ahead and continued to increase her lead, and when

at last, at 7:30 in the evening, we sighted the Solovet far away northward on the horizon, the Kanna had fallen far behind.

At about the same time we received the following message from the Solovet: "We see your smoke in the south, 20 degrees east." We were delighted by this message, which made us realize that our hard-pressed and anxious friends on board the Solovet were in high hopes of relief.

Thrilling Night on Icebreaker.

In the Sviatogor all were keenly alive to the anxiety and seriousness of the situation, and followed with eager interest the display of prowess given by the icebreaker during these hours of the night. Of the crew all who were not actually keeping watch were on deck hour after hour discussing and marveling at the carrying features of this extraordinary drama. Some stood leaning over the rails so as better to enjoy the sight of the great blocks of ice, now crushed into fragments before our bows, now hurled in a whirling mass along the ship's sides—and all to a wild accompaniment of deafening crashes in the ice, and of groans and wails and shrieks from the hard-pressed vessel's hull and rig and engines.

Suddenly an ice floe would rise and threaten to fall over the ship's rail, and then the sailors were not slow in leaping a retreat to safer quarters. Others, who stood in groups right forward in bows, fared no better. When, as frequently happened, the ship crashed at full speed against a really high solid block of ice, and at the same time rose several feet in the air a shower of spray and ice splinters flew over the deck and forced the imprudent spectators to a headlong retreat.

In the meantime we were approaching the Solovet, but it was a slow business. The ice became worse and worse in the last stage, and it was midnight when we reached her. An hour more was required before we could moor the Sviatogor by her side, so big and thick were the surrounding ice floes.

The whole crew of the Solovet and all her passengers, 87 altogether, had gathered on deck and were greeted by us with a resounding hurrah, to which they responded in the same way. Their joy is not easy to describe. To drift without aim, almost without hope, in the darkness and cold of the Polar night, with bad and insubstantial food, in cold and unclean quarters, and in constant dread of getting so far north that rescue would be impossible—that is an ordeal so hard that it is not every one who would come through it entirely unscathed.

Immediately after we arrived the captain of the Solovet and his wife and all the passengers, seven in number, came on board. They were invited into the saloon and treated to refreshments, which they evidently appreciated. One of them said it was like coming into paradise after their anxiety. The passengers asked leave to transfer to the Sviatogor as they were greatly exhausted and needed medical attention and better diet, and I was glad to be able to grant their request. Then we set to work to put provisions and coal on board the Solovet, so that the crew could at once prepare a proper meal with something better to eat and drink than they had had in the last few months.

Second Relief Ship Arrives.

About four o'clock in the morning we were awakened by loud hurrahs from the crew of the Solovet, who were hailing the arrival of the Kanna, which had at last also got through. Had the Kanna not been so fortunate as to get into the lane made in the ice by the Sviatogor, it would have been hardly possible for her arrival so soon. Next day we shipped more coal and provisions on board the Solovet, and were helped with hearty good will by the crews of the two Russians.

This done we started in the afternoon of June 20 on our homeward voyage, the Sviatogor leading and the Solovet and Kanna following. At first the ice was loose and fairly easy to get through, but afterwards it became closer and more difficult to force. There was fog, too, which made it impossible to keep proper observation of the ice conditions. Consequently we often had to stop a fairly long time, especially as the fog prevented the other two ships from keeping with us. It was evening on the 21st when we reached the Kara sea entrance, and there we were again obliged to stop for thick fog.

We resumed our voyage at 2 o'clock next morning steering for the middle of the Kara strait, but at 2:30 p. m. we were unlucky enough to ground on an unknown sandbank. We at once began to tranship coal to the Solovet and Kanna in order to get the Sviatogor afloat again, and after unloading 650 tons of coal we at last got her off. A diver from the Kanna examined the ship's bottom and pronounced the damage not serious. So we continued our voyage to Bieleusha bay, where we handed over more provisions and supplies to the Russians and took on coal from the Harde for our voyage back to Archangel.

After a cordial leave-taking from our friends on the Solovet and Kanna these vessels left us on June 29, shaping their course for Archangel. On July 1 we had completed our coaling and next day at 2 p. m. we began our homeward voyage.

Thankful for That.

It is said that hatpins to match the color of the eyes are to be worn this year and will be very fashionable. "Indeed," said Brown, as he read the foregoing to his wife, "then I won't have to have green hatpins stuck into my blue eyes."

Change of Time.

On her wedding day every woman thinks that life will be one grand sweet song, but later, when she has to sing to a pair of twins—well, it's a different tune.—Exchange.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

AMERICAN RED CROSS TO GIVE RURAL HELP

Program for Public Health and Community Welfare Is Now Well Under Way.

Rural communities and towns of less than 8,000 population benefit in a very large part by the public health and community welfare work of the American Red Cross. Almost all of the 8,600 Red Cross chapters have some rural sections in their territory. Therefore the Red Cross Rural Service.

Briefly, the purpose of Rural Service is to assist people to get out of life more health, wealth and happiness. In this purpose public health instruction and general educational progress of both children and adults play a big part.

Recreation is found to be one of the biggest needs in rural life. There is lack of sufficient play-life for the children and social life for the adults. Picnics, pageants, debating clubs, baseball leagues, community singing and other social events which bring the people of surrounding communities together have been organized and carried on under the guidance of Red Cross rural workers to great advantage. In many instances solving recreational problems and getting people together proves to be the awakening of the community to other conditions which may be improved by united action.

As a result of community organization, townships in which there had been neither plans nor interest in community progress have been organized to work together with the united purpose of bringing their community up to the most enlightened standards. Lectures and musical entertainment courses have been started as a result of community meetings, as well as circulating libraries, Red Cross schools of instruction in Home Nursing, Care of the Sick and First Aid. In the larger towns the need for restaurants and public comfort stations is being met. Play grounds for the children have been established and recreational activities worked out for the year.

In order that there may be concerted effort in carrying on the programs of the various welfare agencies in the rural districts, Red Cross Rural Service helps the organizations already on the ground. The main object of the service is to lend a hand everywhere and take the lead only where necessary.

JUNIOR RED CROSS ACTIVE IN EUROPE

Garden seeds for Polish orphans, milk for anemic Greek babies, carpenters' tools for Czech-Slovakian cripples—these are only a few of the gifts that young Americans are sending to the war-crushed children of the Old World.

Through the Junior Red Cross the boys and girls of the United States are giving a fresh start in life to little war orphans scattered all over Europe. They have set up orphans' homes in France, school colonies in Belgium and Montenegro, and day schools in Albania.

They are sending dozens of young Syrians, Montenegrins, and Albanians to American colleges in Constantinople and Beirut, and maintaining more than a hundred orphans of French soldiers at colleges and trade schools. In orphanages and farm schools up and down the peninsula of Italy there are nearly 600 wards of American Juniors.

Last winter a thousand French children from the inadequate shelters of the devastated regions were sent by the Junior Red Cross to spend the cold months in warmer parts of France. At the same time five thousand little Belgians were having a hot lunch every day at Junior Red Cross school canteens.

American school children have already raised something like a million dollars for these enterprises, and they are still hard at work.

In China, through campaigns of education, the Junior Red Cross is helping to combat widely prevalent blindness and cholera.

RED CROSS RELIEF IN CENTRAL EUROPE

But for timely assistance of the American Red Cross during the last year, a large proportion of the 20,000,000 population of the Balkan States might have starved or perished from disease or exposure. Six million dollars worth of food, clothing and medical supplies have been sent to the Balkans—Rumania, Bulgaria, Albania, Montenegro, Serbia, Bosnia and Greece—since the beginning of Red Cross relief operations in Central Europe, while millions of dollars worth of food alone has been sent to the needy in these states.

The money expended by the Red Cross in this stricken portion of Europe has been used to set up hospitals, orphanages, dispensaries, mobile medical units and to help in the general reconstruction of devastated areas. American tractors and other farming implements have been sent to the agricultural regions where aid has been given in plowing the land.

By the last of this year probably all American Red Cross agencies administering relief in Central Europe will have withdrawn. By that time, it is believed, the people will have approached a normal state of living and will be able through their own agencies which the Red Cross has helped set up to provide for themselves.

No-Burn Linoleum.

Non-combustible linoleum of European invention includes in its composition a chemical which gives off a flame-quenching gas should it be ignited.

At the Road to Ruin.

As you say, Roger, the way of the transgressor and the path of the unrighteous are both one-way thoroughfares.—Boston Transcript.

CURES TWO LEPERS



Dr. F. H. Parker, in charge of the leper colony on Penikese island, Mass., is credited by Doctor Carey of the Massachusetts board of health with having effected the cure of two young men who have been confined to the leper colony for three years. Doctor Parker's treatment of the men consisted in plenty of fresh air and sunshine, good food, etc., and use of eucalypta oil, imported from India, and sodium morrhuae and sodium gyrocampa. The patients will be examined by a commission of experts before being discharged. Doctor Parker and his wife live practically isolated on the island.

FINDS HULL OF MAYFLOW?

Englishman Says Ship's Timbers Are Built Into Barn of Inn in Buckinghamshire.

London, England.—Discovery of the hull of the Mayflower, the ship in which the pilgrim fathers sailed to America, is claimed by Dr. Rendel Harris, chairman of the English Speaking union, according to the Daily Mail. Dr. Harris will reveal details of the secret at a conference to be held at Plymouth.

Meantime, however, the newspaper learns that old timbers, including oaken beams supporting the roof, found in a barn adjoining an inn called Old Jordan's hotel, at Clunfort, St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, are considered by Dr. Harris to have originally formed part of the hull and deck of the Mayflower. Some of the beams, which are worn and wormeaten, bear marks indicating they might formerly have held ship's rivets and tackle.

There is a local theory, says the paper, that a Quaker formerly lived in the neighborhood who was a professional shipbreaker, selling ship timbers to farmers of the surrounding country. It has been suggested that he broke up the Mayflower and sold the timbers to the owner of Old Jordan's hotel.

No proof of this vague tradition is offered by the Mail.

Wife Deserted 40 Years Ago Applies for Divorce

Sunbury, Pa.—Claiming that her husband deserted her a year after their marriage forty years ago, Mrs. William S. Fenstermacher, sixty, brought suit in the Northumberland county courts seeking an absolute divorce. In all those years, she says, her husband never made any effort to make up their differences.

At the same time Charles H. Smith, sixty-eight years old, and Mrs. Sara S. Herb, sixty-six, of Ashland, were granted a license to wed. His bride-to-be has been married twice, while Smith, a building contractor, was wed once before.

'HORSE MACKEREL' NETS \$200

Turns Out to Be Tuna Fish and Reimburses Its Captors With Handsome Profit.

Freeport, L. I.—That "things are not always what they seem" was proven here when a fish story spread through the village to the effect that a 700-pound horse mackerel had been caught.

Tuna fish is counted a delicacy. Horse mackerel is something else again. But if a dried-in-the-wood fisherman calls a tuna fish a horse mackerel, how is the inexperienced to know the difference?

A 700-pound tuna-fish-horse-mackerel was so shy of horse sense as to become entangled in a pond net. A windlass and pulley contraption was attached to the prize of the sea and it was landed and is now on its way to the Fulton market. It will bring its captors \$200.

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HOW

IMPRISONED BEAR DEALT WITH THREATENED FLOOD.
—How intelligent a bear may be is well illustrated by an account published by M. Baudouin in the Bulletin of the French Societe Nationale d'Acclimatation of a brown specimen that lives in the Jardin des Plantes, Paris.

The bear had noticed that whenever there was a heavy fall of rain the lower part of his den was flooded and the orifice by which the water flowed out was obstructed. Whenever this happened he profited by the occasion to take a good bath. This finished, he used to go to the outlet and scrape away the debris that had stopped it up, until the water flowed out and his home was dry. But once, in an exceptionally heavy flood, the water rose through the hole from outside. The bear tried his usual method of getting rid of the water, but, finding this useless, sat down to think over the new situation.

Presently an idea came to him. A lot of rocks had been thrown into his den in an effort to raise the level of the floor and give him dry quarters. He studied these rocks attentively, and then began carrying them one by one to the place where the water was entering. He tried with these stones to build a dam against the increasing water. After the water receded it was discovered that the bear had placed twenty rocks, weighing from twenty to forty pounds each.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

LINCOLN AWAKENED

1809—Feb. 12, Abraham Lincoln born to Thomas and Nancy Hanks Lincoln, near Hodgenville, La Rue County, La.
1816—Moved to Indiana.
1830—Moved to Illinois.
1835-43—In the Illinois Legislature.
1847-9—In Congress.
1858—July 24, challenged Douglas to the great debate.
November, defeated for the Senate.
1860—May 18, nominated for President by the Republican national convention at Chicago.

Five Minute Chats on Our Presidents

By JAMES MORGAN

A GREAT FRIEND

1861—March 4, Abraham Lincoln inaugurated sixteenth president, age fifty-two.
April 14, Fort Sumter surrendered.
April 15, Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers.
1862—Sept. 22, emancipation proclamation.
1863—Nov. 19, Lincoln's Gettysburg address.
1864—Nov. 8, Re-elected president.
1865—April 14, shot by John Wilkes Booth.
April 15, died, aged fifty-five.

CONDENSED CLASSICS

THE TURMOIL

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

Condensed by Clarence W. Benson

THE Sheridan building was the biggest skyscraper, the Sheridan Trust company, the biggest bank, and Sheridan himself, the biggest builder and broker, and truster and buster under the smoke of a dirty and wonderful midland city that dived tower on tower and spread itself out over the plain of a fair country.

Bibbs Sheridan was his "odd one," the family failure. He grew up only lengthwise, and at twenty-two was the dry scaffolding of a man. Six months in his father's pump works made necessary two years in a sanatorium. He returned to the "new house" on the outskirts of the city in time for the house-warming party. To this came Mary Vertrees, whose family next door maintained the highest air of respectability upon a vanishing fortune. She came under home promptings that led her to dangle with her wit and beauty both Sheridan and James Sheridan, Jr.

When young Jim had proposed, Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan, his sister-in-law, offered to help Mary in return for help in an affair of her own. Mary saw that in bartering, she was to be bartered with. Her soul rebelled and she declined to marry young Jim Sheridan. He never got the letter.

Sheridan demanded of Bibbs if he would quit dreaming of poetry and follow with Roscoe and Jim to make the business and the city bigger. Bibbs could not understand why anybody wanted to make things bigger.

"Damnation!" roared Sheridan. "Did you ever hear the word 'prosperity'?" You ninnys! Did you ever hear the word 'ambition'?" Did you ever hear the word 'progress'?" Look at Jim, just completing two more big warehouses at the pump works in half the time the contractors wanted. Jim took the contract himself, found a fellow with a new cement process and we begin using them next week. Now, I'm going to make a man of you. By God! I am!" And Bibbs was given two months to get his mental attitude right for the pump works.

Miss Vertrees' note went to the senior Sheridan, as that afternoon one of the new warehouse walls collapsed, sending the inventor and James Sheridan, Jr., to their eternity.

Bibbs had to manage the funeral and ride from the cemetery with Mary Vertrees, but neither spoke. "He's not insane," said Mary to her mother. "He looks dreadfully ill, but has pleasant eyes."

Later Bibbs and Mary met as he was passing her gate. He apologized: "I—I hate a frozen fish myself, and that three miles was too long for you to put up with one. I've never been able to speak quickly, because if I tried I'd stammer."

Instantly, Mary saw his nature and suffering. They walked on and she invited him into the church to hear some Handel music. It meant, she said, one thing above all others to her—courage.

Thereafter Bibbs went often to the home of Mary Vertrees. "You see," he confided to her, "it is all so simple. I am to feed long strips of zinc into steel jaws that bite it into little circles, 68 a minute. I used to flinch and the workmen laughed."

"It shan't hurt you," exclaimed Mary. "All day long, I'll send my thoughts to you; and you must remember that a friend stands beside you."

Trouble grew in the Sheridan household. Roscoe took to drink; then quit. He had enough—a few thousand a year.

Sheridan sent for Bibbs, his only hope, offered him vice presidencies, salaries and shares; but Bibbs preferred happiness and nine dollars a week. "What's the use," he said, "of being just bigger, dirtier and noisier?"

That evening Bibbs and Mary read Maeterlinck together and he told her: "Tomorrow, I'm one of the hands of the pump works and going to stay one, unless I am thrown out and decide to study plumbing."

"Why not give Bibbs a chance to live?" said the family doctor. "There's something finer in Bibbs than his physical body. You're half mad with a common-sense fury against the very self of law. But you want to beat the law! So Ajax defied the lightning!"

"Yes! And, by God, I will!" cried Sheridan. "Ajax was a jackass. If he'd been half a man he'd 'a' got away with it; hitched it up and made it work for him like a black steer. I'll have my way with that stubborn fool, Bibbs." But Bibbs still said, "No."

Sunday afternoon Bibbs was working over a poem. He might venture it upon an editor and perhaps—

Then paper and pencil dropped as he stood up paralyzed. Through his half-open door he heard Mrs. Roscoe Sheridan confiding to Mother Sheridan: "The Vertrees' house has been sold on foreclosure; they are allowed to live there a little longer." "Mr. Vertrees has been trying to get a 'position'." "They have been doing their own cooking." "Those people were so hard up that Miss Vertrees started after Bibbs before they knew whether he was insane or not." "She had to get him." "If he'd stop to think, he'd know he wasn't the kind of a man any girl would be apt to fall in love with."

Bibbs quickly burned papers and notes, descended and told his father: "I'll take the job you offered me," and went straight to Mary Vertrees and said: "Will you marry me?"

Mary drew it all out of Bibbs; then sank down kneeling, tears overwhelming her. "I can't make it plain," said Bibbs, "I never dreamed I could do anything for you! I knew you never thought of me except generously—to give."

"We were poor, and I think I did mean to marry your brother. But something stopped me from such a sacrilege. I posted the letter, but he never got it."

"You kept me alive and I've hurt you like this," said Bibbs. "Could you forgive me, Mary?"

"Oh, a thousand times! But there's nothing to forgive and you mustn't come to see me any more," she cried in a passion of tears. "Never, never, never!"

He returned in time to tell his sister-in-law in the presence of the family: "I proved what you said to me, and disproved what you said of Miss Vertrees. I asked her to marry me and she refused."

Bibbs went with his father and sat in the porch of the temple with the money-changers; worked, and talked of nothing but work.

He delved into the ways of the city and its political influence, and began to buy Intertraction shares where the Vertrees' fortune had vanished.

Soon the Vertrees were able to pay the butcher, hire a cook, and follow the broker's advice to keep the balance of their stock. Sheridan boasted that his plan for Bibbs was working out all right. Still there was something wrong and the doctor and Sheridan agreed that it might be a good thing if Miss Vertrees would permit Bibbs to see her—sometimes.

"I had to make Bibbs go my way," Sheridan explained to Miss Vertrees, "but there isn't anything in it to him. He gave up everything he wanted and took the job he never would just for you. There's only one girl he could feel that sorry for. Can't you let him come back?"

When Mary responded: "I can't! He was only sorry for me!" the truth was out. "Don't—don't—!" she cried. "You mustn't!"

"I won't tell him. I won't tell anybody anything," said Sheridan.

On a crowded downtown thoroughfare Mary saw Sheridan, at the risk of his life, spring before a moving trolley car and with the whole force of his big body shunt Bibbs from impending danger. The crowd had shrieked warnings, but Bibbs had looked the wrong way.

High up in the Sheridan building, Bibbs sat down, shaking and sore. He realized that his father held his own life of no account compared to that of his son. Bibbs perceived what he had never perceived before—the shadowing of something enormous, indomitable, lawless, irresistible and blindly noble.

He looked out into the vast foggy heart of the smoke.

The roar of the city beat upon Bibbs' ear until he began to distinguish a pulsation; the voice of the god, Bigness. "Come and work for me, all men! By your youth and your hope, I summon you! By your age and your despair! By your love of home and woman and children! You shall be blind slaves. For reward you shall gaze only upon my ugliness."

Then, the voice came as some music struggling to be born of the Turmoil. "It is man who makes me ugly by his worship of me. If man would let me serve him I should be beautiful."

From the vague contortions of smoke and fog, Bibbs sculptured a gigantic figure with feet pedestalled upon the great buildings and shoulders disappearing in the clouds, a colossus of steel, wholly blackened with soot. He thought up over the clouds unseen from below the giant labored with his hands in the clean sunshine; and Bibbs imagined what he made there—perhaps for a fellowship of the children of the children that were children now—no noble and joyous city, unbelievably white.

The telephone fiercely summoned him. A startlingly beautiful voice caused him to tremble violently. "Yes, Bibbs, I was near the accident. They said you hadn't been hurt, but I wanted to know."

"Mary—would you—would you have minded?" There was a long pause and a soft, "Yes."

"Then why, oh, why, won't you let me see you? I've been like a man chained in a cave."

"But, Bibbs dear, you don't understand why."

"Mary," he called, even more tremulous than before, "you can't mean it was because—you care. If you meant that you would let me see you, wouldn't you?"

And now the voice was so low he couldn't be sure it spoke at all, and if it did, the words were, "Yes, Bibbs—dear."

But the voice was not in the instrument, it was so gentle and so light, so almost nothing, it seemed to be made of air and to fall from heaven.

Slowly and incredulously he turned and looked up—and glory fell upon his shining eyes. Mary stood upon the threshold.

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Five modern sugar mills are projected in Negros, P. I., with a total capacity of 5,000 tons of cane daily. Ten mills with a capacity of 3,000 tons of cane daily are already in operation in this district. The movement for better equipment and organization in sugar contras is likely to continue until every sugar district capable of supporting a central is supplied with modern mills. The general rate of payment made by the contras to the farmers for their cane is 55 per cent of the value of the sugar extracted.

**Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA**

WHY Indirect Lighting Is Best for the Eyes

Not long ago we substituted the electric and gas light for the old-fashioned coal oil lamp. We think we have wonderful lighting systems. According to Forrest Knapp of Colorado Agricultural college, the glare due to the use of the incandescent lamp is so great that it may counteract all of the good effects of increased intensity of illumination. Did you ever notice any discomfort from having an electric light in your field of vision? Do your eyes become tired more easily at night than in the day time?

There are two main ways in which modern lighting is done, directly and indirectly. With indirect lighting the source of illumination cannot be seen but the light is reflected from the walls and ceiling, but when direct lighting is used the source may be seen. The latter is the more common.

If our eyes hurt we get a larger globe and move it closer to our work. Theoretically this should be done. But how about experience?

It has been proved that after three hours' work the efficiency of the eye is but little less when indirect lighting is used. The efficiency of the eye after three hours' work in daylight is about 93 per cent. When an indirect light is used the efficiency is about 97 per cent. Not much difference. But when direct lighting is used this efficiency drops to about 15 per cent.

The intensity of illumination has little effect when indirect lighting is used, but a very great effect when the source of light is in the field of vision. The number of indirect lights does not decrease the efficiency to any noticeable degree but when direct lighting is used the efficiency drops rapidly with an increase in the number of lighting units.

Save your eyes.

ALWAYS MATTER OF POLITICS

Why Presidency of the United States Has Been Described as a Web of Fate.

The presidency has been described as a web of fate, because men in office have either assisted friends of theirs into the White House, or been compelled to bow low before the political drives of bitter enemies.

But before George Washington was named president despite his many enemies—between the call to arms in 1775 and the establishment of the Constitution—four men were virtually the presidency of the United States, says William Estabrook Chancellor in his book on "Our Presidents and Their Offices." They were not individually presidents, but in combination they operated somewhat as a president operates. These four men were Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, John Hancock and Benjamin Franklin. By far the ablest of these was Franklin. He had printing establishments in ten cities, including the West Indies. He financed Braddock's expedition, and made Washington a hero.

Had there been no war-hero there would have been no revolution, and consequently no president. Franklin hated war; Patrick Henry wanted it. Adams was the master politician, and though Hancock wanted to be commander-in-chief, he maneuvered cleverly, and with the aid of John Adams put Washington through.

Why Coke Is Good Fuel.

Coke does not give quite as much heat per ton as high grade anthracite coal; but in many instances, the average grade of coke is available at a lower cost per ton than high grade anthracite, and as a special inducement some dealers give a few hundred pounds extra per ton of coke. In this case the purchaser of a ton of coke will realize about the same efficiency in total heat units as if he had purchased a ton of anthracite, says the Scientific American.

Coke weighs about 23 pounds per cubic foot for standard size, while anthracite coal weighs 50 pounds per cubic foot. It will, therefore, be seen that a ton of coke will require almost twice the volume or cubic feet of storage space that a ton of anthracite coal requires.

Why Winter Fruits Are Good.

Dried figs contain more than three times the nutriment of fresh eggs. Figs are justly entitled to a place among the food fruits. In the dry state or stewed they are an excellent food for children. In cold weather, about five ounces of figs and a pint of milk make a sustaining meal for an adult. Weight for weight, dates are more nourishing than bread. In desert tracts, this fruit is almost the only source of nourishment for men and women, camels, horses and other animals.

How to Kill Mosquitoes.

M. Roubaud of the Pasteur Institute in Paris has now discovered a method of destroying the larvae of mosquitoes by sprinkling powdered formaline on the surface of the water. This does not injure fish or make water impossible to drink, and it is also said to be much more rapid and effective than oil.

How Asbestos Withstands Acids.

Asbestos is the queerest mineral in the world and is rapidly becoming one of the most important. It is impervious to the fiercest heat and can also withstand acids which would eat up almost any metal. Today its principal value is for packing marine engines and there is nothing else to compare with it for this purpose.

Manganese in Australia.

Manganese ore has been found in Australia upon the western fringe of the salt lake, known as Bantall lagoons, situated about four miles north-east of Warrack.

THE iron-throated cannon of the Washington navy yard, breaking the stillness of a March dawn in 1864 with its 100 exultant roars over the repeal of the Missouri compromise, awakened Lincoln to the great mission for which his whole life had been an unconscious preparation. After a single term in congress, where his criticism of the Mexican war in the midst of that conflict had left him unavailable for a second term, and after providentially failing to obtain the snug berth of commissioner of the general land office, he had retired to his dingy law office in Springfield.

The wiping out of the dead line against the spread of slavery aroused him from his indifference to political questions and drew him from his retirement. "I know there is a God and that he hates injustice and slavery," he said simply to a friend. "I see the storm coming. I know his hand is in it. If he has a place and work for me—and I think he has, I believe I am ready."

The cannon that called Lincoln to his duty also was the signal gun that heralded the birth of the Republican party. Joining the new party, he became



Lincoln in 1850.

came at once its leader in Illinois; to his own surprise, the second man in the balloting for its candidate for vice president in 1858, and its candidate for senator in 1858 against Stephen A. Douglas, the author of the repeal.

While Lincoln made ready for that campaign, as always in every hour of decision, he retired within himself. He consulted no one and gave no hint of his line of attack until he called together a dozen friends and read to them his opening speech, which began with those immortal words: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe that this government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. . . . It will become all one thing or all the other."

Every man in the little group warned him that if he delivered the speech it would defeat him for the senate. "If I had to draw a pen across my record and erase my whole life from sight," he quietly replied, "and I had one poor gift or choice left as to what I should save from the wreck, I should choose that speech and leave it to the world uncracked."

Douglas carried a few more legislative districts and was re-elected, but Lincoln led in the aggregate popular vote.

Lincoln had met his Bunker Hill. The great unknown, who had dared to cross swords with the foremost champion of the repeal, planned the curiosity of the country. Accepting an invitation to speak in New York, his Cooper union address established his intellectual and moral right to lead the nation.

Nevertheless, when zealous neighbors had first entered him as a candidate for president, he protested that he was not fit for the place. Until the convention of 1860 actually met in Chicago, his name seldom was mentioned for the honor outside his own state. Two-thirds of the delegates really favored the nomination of William H. Seward, but as so often happens in politics, the very pre-eminence of the New York senator made him unavailable. In the end Lincoln was nominated largely because he was the least known name on the list of candidates.

She Was Tired of Percy.

Percy Noodles says that when he asked the capitalist's daughter what she would think if he got a job at reading meters for the gas company, she said she would be awfully glad if he would go into something that took him to other people's houses some of the time.—Dallas News.



Abraham Lincoln.

any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has." "The man fairly exhaled democracy, fraternity, equality," Frederick Douglass said that Lincoln was the only white man he ever met who did not show consciously or unconsciously that he recognized his color.

Sympathy flowed in a constant stream from his fountain in this great heart. A mother's tears, a baby's cry, a father's plea, a crutch or an empty sleeve never failed to move Lincoln. "If he has no friend, I'll be his friend," he said, as he stopped the shooting of a soldier, under sentence of a court-martial.

"My poor girl," he said to a woman who pleaded for the life of her soldier brother, "you have come here with no governor or senator or member of congress to speak in your cause; you seem honest and truthful and you don't wear hoops, and I'll be whipped if I don't pardon him."

Lincoln's office was almost his prison cell through four terrible years. The shouts of his two little boys at play always were welcome notes of joy to their care-worn father. He never objected to their noisily bustling in upon him, and often he joined the children in their hoisterous games in the White House grounds.

In the dark days when the nation itself was at death's door, one of the boys died. For weeks the grieving father strove in vain to win a spirit of resignation, dropping his work for a day at a time and surrendering to his sorrow. Doubtless the fortitude he gained at last in that wrestle with himself became part of the heroic faith which lifted him above the general despair when the fortunes of the Union sank lowest.

After Willie's death, the other boy received a double share of paternal affection. Tad was in the habit of going to his father in the evening and making a report of all that had happened since morning, usually falling asleep in the midst of his prattle. Laying the little fellow on the floor by the side of his desk, Lincoln returned to his heavy tasks until his own long day was done, when he took his sleeping boy on his shoulder and carried him off to bed.

Barrel Racing.

Barrel racing is a favorite amusement among the workmen in a suburb of London. Some forty cellar men, clerks and others engaged in one race of this description. Then followed a double-barreled race, the men engaged being allowed to push before them two empty barrels instead of one.

COYOTES AND KITTENS PLAY

How the Result of Cat's Adoption of Wild Cubs Seems to Be Worked Out.

In addition to an already large family of kittens, a cat which belongs to the M. Brent family of South Fork has adopted two coyote puppies.

Several weeks ago when W. W. Buckbee and R. H. Carter, who live near the Brent farm, found the den of a coyote on the latter's place they captured several very small coyote puppies, says a western newspaper. When shown at the Brent farmhouse some of the children wanted the little coyotes and paid their captors for two of them.

The little coyotes were placed among the kittens belonging to the old family cat and after a careful scrutiny and a few sniffs, the old cat began mothering them the same as her own kittens.

Now the cat's family of kittens and the two adopted coyote puppies are nearly two months old and all live together happily and appear to be making the most of life. The coyotes are getting much bigger than the kittens and are playful and mischievous. In the rough-and-tumble tussles they are continually stinging the coyotes are stronger, but the kittens are more active, so it is about an even match as yet. While the coyotes can easily wallopp the kittens on a straight-out fight, yet the latter, when on the defensive, will curl up on their backs and keep the coyote puppies at bay by the rapid kicks of hind legs and the scratching of their sharp claws.—Exchange.

How Tides Will Be Harnessed.

An attempt is to be made to harness the tides at the mouths of several British rivers, using the power thus obtained to generate electricity. The engineers who are making the plans estimate that the electricity will be obtained at only two-thirds the cost of electric power generated by coal.

The basic principle underlying most of the inventions for harnessing the tides is the working of a turbine by tidal ebb and flow. The tide makes the power at both its inflow and its outflow, only ceasing for a comparatively short time during the period of half tide. In one Cheshire and Lancashire district the great variation in the hour of the tide at neighboring estuaries makes possible, through an ingenious discovery, the production of maximum energy during an almost continuous period.

How Pavement Was Repaired.

Special precautions have been taken in the repair of a wooden block pavement that was laid last year at St. Louis beneath a ferocious Missouri sun. The blocks, somewhat too green, began to shrink, and joints less than a quarter-inch wide expanded to one-half inch. The pitch filler melted and looser blocks were floating like debris in an asphalt lake.

To reconstruct the pavement the blocks were driven tightly together, a few mineral filler was forced to the bottom of the joints, a type of pitch was chosen that showed high melting point, and, after the pavement was laid, it was shielded temporarily from direct solar heat with a coating of wet sand.

Comment of the Week

League of Nations Is Important Issue

Thus far in the campaign the overshadowing issue is the League of Nations. The Democratic nominee has insisted in his early determination of following out the un-American version of President Wilson, and his chances for success on election day are growing smaller daily.

What would have been expected of America had she joined the League might be summed up in a recent statement attributed to Lloyd George. The British Premier was asked why, with 26 nations already composing it, the League did not help Poland in its effort to repel the host of Bolsheviks who were threatening her capital. With more truth than diplomacy Lloyd George is said to have answered: "We are having trouble here at home with the labor unions; Ireland is in a state of rebellion; Italy is having her hands full in Fiume, and America has not yet joined the League."

Unconsciously, perhaps, Lloyd George revealed what is expected of America. The United States Government, if it were a League member, would have to supply the men and munitions to Old World countries to guarantee them against external aggression of territorial sovereignty.

The bankrupt nations of the Old World would like to see America a member of this unequal League for this reason. President Wilson and Governor Cox would have us join. But the un-American aspect of the covenant is such that the votes of the citizens on November 2 will show conclusively that "America First" means to them all that the words imply.

Must Not Surrender Independence

Candidate Harding and that noble band of men in the Senate at Washington have refused to surrender the independence of America into the hands of the cunning political tricksters of Europe. Acquiescence to the proposals contained in the Wilsonized League actually meant that a majority vote of League members would compel America to send its men and munitions into any part of the world so decreed by these astute politicians. The decision of the League did not have to be founded upon any code governed by law or justice, but rather upon the ambitions or the necessities of political expediency of the nations involved. The covenant of the League had its concept not in a spirit of right and justice but rather as an instrument that would forever guarantee the security of certain of the High Contracting Parties.

Satiated with an ignoble ambition, President Wilson presented this vicious document to the Senate of the United States with the autocratic demand that it must be accepted in toto, not even the dotting of an "i" or the crossing of "t" to be permitted.

But, thank God, Senator Harding, as well as our own Senator Colt, and a long list of others, including many Democrats, saw the dangers contained in it, and refused to accept it without proper amendments that would safeguard America's ideals and independence.

Governor Cox has announced that, if elected, he will take up the work of forcing through the League as demanded by Wilson.

The issue is plain—"America First," as championed by the Republican candidates, or the Wilsonized League, with its un-American aspects, as insisted upon by the Democrats.

America Desires Concord of World

Senator Harding has declared in a public address that he "was willing and eager to do anything short of surrendering the independence of the United States to attain world concord." He further said that "acceptance of the League of Nations, as it is now written, would involve a sacrifice of national-ity which no friend of peace should advocate."

Mr. Harding only repeats what is in the heart of every good citizen: America desires to help to the utmost in the task of restoring amity and concord among all the nations of the world, but America's interests must be safeguarded, and not be subject to the will of a majority vote of League members.

President Wilson brought home from Europe a peace treaty and League of Nations covenant that was violative of the ideals, the rights and interests of the American people. The Republicans, aided by some Democrats, in the Senate, attempted to Americanize these documents by protective reservations.

The vicious Article X has been proclaimed as the "heart of the covenant" by President Wilson, and he will suffer no change in it. The Republicans maintain that no foreign government should have the right to demand that America send her troops to any part of the world that these foreign governments might vote to send them.

The concluding sentence of Article X makes it plain what may be done by a majority vote of the League. "In case of any aggression or in case of any threat or danger of such aggression the Council shall advise upon the means by which this obligation shall be fulfilled."

Twenty-six nations have joined the League and America would make the twenty-seventh. The British Empire has six votes and America would have but one. With nearly a fourth of the votes, England could easily make use of her well-known "diplomacy" in bringing pressure upon a sufficient number of associate signatory nations to vote in accordance with the British view. America would then be "advised upon the means by which this obligation should be fulfilled."

Viscount Grey, the former British Ambassador, said less than a month ago, that "as long as America, the richest, most powerful, the greatest of the civilized countries stands outside the League, the League will be unable to fulfill its destiny."

Former Secretary Lansing says, regarding the outbreak of war between Russia and Poland, "that we would be 'let into it' but for the restraining hand of the Senate."

"We know now that the League constituted at Versailles is utterly impotent as a preventive of wars," said Mr. Harding in a speech to people from Indiana. "It is so obviously impotent that it has not even been tried. It could not survive a single test. The original League, mistakenly conceived and unreasonably insisted upon, has undoubtedly passed beyond the possibility of restoration. The maturer judgment of the world will be that it deserved to pass."

Daily Thought

Trust men and they will be true to you; treat them greatly and they will show themselves great.—Emerson.

With Books Near Brooks.

Even lovers with sunny looks are apt to select shady nooks.—Cartoons Magazine.

The Crown's Share.

Under English common law, the share that lies between low and high tide belongs to the crown.

Big Consumption of Molasses.

Approximately 75,000,000 gallons of molasses are used annually in the manufacture of feeds.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

Death of Miss Rachel Tallman. Miss Rachel Tallman died on Monday afternoon at the home of her brother, Mr. James K. Tallman, after a short illness. She had just returned to Fall River, after spending the summer in Newport with Miss Estelle Cornell, and had had a slight illness while there. Miss Tallman was the only daughter of the late Nicholas and Mary Tallman, and was born in January, 1842. A brother, Mr. James K. Tallman, survives, and another brother, Edward A. Tallman of Boston, died about four years ago. Miss Tallman received her education in the public schools here and resided in this town all of her early life. At one time she resided with Mrs. Daniel Church of Tiverton and afterwards in Fall River. The funeral services were held from her late residence there on Thursday, with the interment in the Portsmouth Cemetery.

A number of boys from the St. Andrew's Club of St. George's Church, Newport, are camping out at "Vaucluse." It is a model camp.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Draper have as guest Mrs. Draper's sister, Miss Jean Appleton of Vancouver, British Columbia.

The Thursday Circle met with Mrs. Carl Anthony on Thursday afternoon after a summer recess.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Brown have returned to their home in Washington, D. C., after spending their vacation with Mr. Brown's father, Mr. George A. Brown, and sister, Mrs. Newton Holland and Mr. Holland.

Rev. and Mrs. Everett P. Smith have had as week-end guests, Mrs. Smith's cousin, Mrs. Theodore Chamberlain and children of Concord, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon E. Crosby of Rensselaer, Iowa, are guests of Mrs. Crosby's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Plummer. Before coming here they spent a few days in Boston as guests of Mr. Crosby's parents.

The annual meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union will be held at the home of Mrs. Eunice A. Greene on Sept. 14.

The number of books loaned from the Portsmouth Free Public Library during August are as follows: Science and Art, 13; Geography and Travel, 7; Poetry and Drama, 7; Biography, 10; History, 8; Miscellaneous, 8; Fiction, 505. Total, 558.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Hayden of New Bedford, Mass., and Mr. C. W. Sherman, of Woonsocket, R. I., have been guests of Mrs. Hayden's mother, Mrs. Emma Sherman, and brother, Mr. Walter Sherman.

Col. William Barton Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution, started an exchange at the Chapter House on Wednesday afternoon. Cooking and domestic articles were sold on commission.

Mr. and Mrs. Frederick W. Holman have had as guest, Miss Dorothy Benny of New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mertz of Philadelphia have been guests of Mr. Mertz's brother-in-law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Marx.

Mrs. John Quinn has returned to her home in Providence after a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank L. Tallman.

Mr. and Mrs. George Anthony, Jr., of this town, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Alton Barker and Mr. and Mrs. Elmer J. Peckham, went to Albany by motor on Sunday and went over the Mohawk Trail.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert E. Brown and little son, George Burnham, of Danbury, Conn., are spending their vacation with Mr. Brown's father, Mr. George A. Brown, and sister, Mrs. Newton Holland, and Mr. Holland.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry McLeod of Wollaston, Mass., have been guests of Mrs. McLeod's niece, Mrs. Jethro J. Peckham.

Schools of this town opened on Tuesday morning with more than the usual number.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gibson are spending a part of their honeymoon with Mr. Gibson's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gibson, after which they will reside on Long Island.

Mr. and Mrs. William S. Caswell and daughter, Miss Reryl Caswell of Nuevo, California, have concluded their visit with Mr. and Mrs. David B. Caswell and are visiting Mr. James T. Barker of Middletown.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester A. Carr have purchased the house lot on the corner of Braman's Lane and East Main Road of Miss Emma Chase.

Mrs. Annie Dennis has removed her household goods to Fall River, where she will reside. Mrs. Dennis has been occupying a tenement in the house of Mrs. Anna Fish.

Mr. Christopher Manchester is ill at his home on Quaker Hill.

Mr. Lloyd Wyatt has secured employment in Bristol, at the Herreshoff Shipbuilding Plant.

While returning from Sunday school last Sunday on the car bound for Bristol Ferry, Miss Eunice Levin, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Roscoe Levin, got off in front of her home at the Hall homestead. She suddenly realized that she had left a package on the car, so waited beside the track and when the car came along she was hit by the on-coming car and knocked down and bruised. The damage done was only slight and she is getting along as well as could be expected.

Mrs. Augustus L. Wilbur is visiting her sister, Miss Mollie Smith, at Moore's Mills, N. Y., where she will spend two weeks.

Miss Catherine Coggeshall spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Coggeshall on Gypson Lane. Miss Coggeshall is taking a post-graduate course in dietetics at Fordham Hospital, New York.

Evidence Stork Had Traveled.

Julia had been over to see the neighbor's new baby and upon her return was asked how she liked it, to which she replied: "Well, mother, it is all right, only the stork must have been a long time on the way with it, for it certainly is awfully tanned."

THE NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK

REPORT OF CONDITION AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JUNE 30, 1920

RESOURCES.		
Loans and Discounts	\$567,266.46	560,016.46
Notes and bills rediscounted (other than bank acceptances sold)	7,250.00	650.62
Overdrafts, unsecured, \$650.62		
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation	100,000.00	
U. S. Bonds pledged as collateral for State or other deposits or bills payable	100,000.00	
Premium on U. S. Bonds	498.60	
Total U. S. Government securities		200,498.60
Securities other than U. S. bonds (not including stocks) owned and unpledged	160,265.00	
Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.		160,265.00
Stocks, other than Federal Reserve Bank stock	300.00	
Federal Reserve Bank stock	4,950.00	
Value of banking house	22,616.00	
Equity in banking house		22,616.00
Furniture and fixtures	1.00	
Items with Federal Reserve Bank in process of collection (not available as reserve)	18,254.61	
Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks	170,737.30	
Exchanges for clearing house	4,106.74	
Checks on other banks	12,369.12	
Total	187,213.16	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer	5,000.00	
Interest earned but not collected	3,581.66	
Other assets, if any	5,017.08	
TOTAL		\$1,168,392.72

LIABILITIES.		
Capital stock paid in	\$100,000.00	
Surplus fund	65,000.00	
Undivided Profits	10,809.69	
Interest and discount collected or credited in advance, not earned	782.60	
Circulating notes outstanding	96,300.00	
Amount due to Federal Reserve Bank, including deferred credits	16,566.46	
Net amounts due to national banks	2,591.25	
Net amounts due to banks, bankers, and trust companies	76.99	
Total	19,231.69	
Individual deposits subject to check	751,125.03	
Certificates of deposit	37,210.18	
Total of demand deposits	788,335.81	
Securities (other than U. S. or other bonds) borrowed for which collateral security was furnished	87,900.00	
TOTAL		\$1,168,392.72
Liabilities for rediscounts with Federal Reserve Bank	7,250.00	

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND, COUNTY OF NEWPORT, ss:

I, GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this

8th day of July, 1920.

PACKEE BRAMAN, Notary Public

CORRECT—Attest:

EDWARD A. BROWN
FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL
W. H. LANGLEY
Directors.

SHORT LINE

PROVIDENCE

NOW OPEN

Newport & Providence Railway

Probate Court of the City of Newport, August 30th, 1920.

Estate of Patrick Francis O'Brien

A communication in writing is made by Patrick Francis O'Brien, a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of Daniel C. O'Brien of said Newport, and of Johanna M. O'Brien, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of Daniel C. O'Brien of said Newport, as guardian of his person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Twentieth day of September next, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

9-4-31

Probate Court of the City of Newport, September 1st, 1920.

Estate of George W. Callahan, Jr.

A communication in writing is made by George W. Callahan, Jr., a minor over the age of fourteen years, son of George W. Callahan of said Newport, and of Maria L. Callahan, late of said Newport, deceased, informing the Court that he has made choice of George W. Callahan of said Newport, as guardian of his person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Twentieth day of September instant, at ten o'clock a. m., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

9-4-31

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, September 11th, 1920. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of BARNEY MORGAN, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MAX ADELSON.

LOST OR DESTROYED

Pass Book No. 8092, issued by Industrial Trust Co., in its Participation Department. Please return to bank. Payment has been stopped and application made for issue of duplicate book in manner provided by law.

MRS. ARMENIE MITCHELL.

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POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

At a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee of the State of Rhode Island, held at Providence, Sept. 8, 1920, it was voted to issue the following call:

Resolved, That a State Convention of Republican Delegates be held in the City of Providence, on

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1920

at 10 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of nominating five Presidential Electors, State Officers for the ensuing term of two years, the election of members of the State Central Committee, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said Convention.

Resolved, That the several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call Primary Meetings for the purpose of electing Delegates to said State Convention, the number of delegates to be twice the representation of said Town and City Committees in the General Assembly, and to elect members of the Town and City Committees for the term of two years, and to report the names of said members, with their post office addresses, upon the credentials of the delegates to said Convention; and that said meetings be held NOT LATER than Wednesday, September 15, 1920, and NOT LATER than Saturday, October 2, 1920, and that the Secretaries of said Primary Meetings be requested to forward a copy of the credentials of Delegates, immediately after their election, to the Secretary of the Republican State Central Committee, NATHAN M. WRIGHT, Providence, R. I.

Resolved, That the member of the Town or City Committee calling the meeting to order under the above call, together with the Chairman and Secretary of said meeting, be instructed to certify upon the credentials that said delegates were elected pursuant to a regular call of said Town or City Committee.

Resolved, That the Republican electors of the State of Rhode Island, and all other electors, without regard to past political affiliation, who believe in the principles of the Republican Party and endorse its policies, and intend to support its candidates, are cordially invited to unite under this call in the selection of delegates to said Convention.

Resolved, That the several Town and City Committees are hereby directed to call the Primary Meetings for the purpose of nominating candidates for Senators and Representatives to the General Assembly NOT LATER than Monday, October 11, 1920, and that the usual certificate of nomination be filed with the Secretary of State, ON OR BEFORE MIDNIGHT of Tuesday, October 12, 1920.

JOSEPH P. BURLINGAME, Chairman.

NATHAN M. WRIGHT, Secretary.

COMMITTEES OF TOWNS AND CITIES HAVING CAUCUS LAWS WILL TAKE CARE THAT THEIR CAUCUS DATES CONFORM TO THE STATE LAWS OF THEIR RESPECTIVE CITIES AND TOWNS.

DISTRICT CONVENTION.

At a meeting of the Republican Committee of the FIRST CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT of Rhode Island, held Sept. 8, 1920, it was voted to issue the following call:

The Republican electors of the First Congressional District of Rhode Island, and all other electors, without regard to past political affiliation, who believe in the principles of the Republican Party and endorse its policies and intend to support its candidates, are cordially invited to unite under this call in the selection of delegates to a Congressional District Convention to be held in the City of Providence, R. I., on

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1920,

at 11:30 o'clock a. m., for the nomination of a candidate for Representative in the 6th Congress of the United States.

The several Town and City Committees are hereby requested to call primary meetings not earlier than Wednesday, September 15th, and not later than Saturday, October 2, 1920, for the purpose of electing Delegates to said First Congressional District Convention, the number of Delegates from Towns and Cities outside the City of Providence to be twice the representation of said Towns and Cities in the General Assembly, and the number of Delegates from that part of said City of Providence contained in said First Congressional District to be twice the representation of said Towns and Cities in the General Assembly, and the number of Delegates to be forwarded a copy of the credentials of Delegates so elected to the Secretary of the State Central Committee, NATHAN M. WRIGHT, Providence, R. I.

GEORGE H. PROUD, Chairman.

JOHN B. MITCHELL, Secretary.

Mackenzie & Winslow

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